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ELABORATE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE for the Yankee-supervised Presidential election in Nicaragua. Airplane units are to pick up the news from Marine Corps observers stationed at isolated polling-places. Never, probably, did so many soldiers stand guard to prove that an election was "free." In the sense that illiterate peons will be free to walk to the polls unmolested and cast their votes as they may wish, this election doubtless will be free. But the fundamental question is, how do they determine how they "wish" to vote? And there, of course, the enormous power of the United States comes in. Both the Liberal and Conservative candidates for the Presidency are seeking to pose as the favored candidate of the American officialdom. The Nationalist Party, whose program we print in this week's International Relations Section, is not permitted to appear on the ballots. The candidates are ready to promise anything; they believe that such promises will help them win. Perhaps they are mistaken; we hope so. But if the rumor should prove true that another loan is being arranged to finance the present Government of Nicaragua through its preelection difficulties, it would leave a black blot on the American record which the most earnest efforts of General McCoy could never wipe out.

FAR INTO THE JUNGLE the marines have penetrated, but still Sandino eludes them. Week after week the American officials report more surrenders by his band, until the surrenders total far more men than he has ever commanded. Still Sandino continues his romantic struggle against the overwhelming force of the invaders. And now a Nicaragua paper prints a roster of the "immortal legion" with which Sandino first took to the hills in May, 1927. They were thirty, including the general. The oldest was fifty-four, the youngest twelve years old. And now, after sixteen months in the field, four of the thirty, this Nicaraguan paper says, are dead; and every one of the other twenty-six is still in the field, fighting.

THE DELIBERATELY DISHONEST CHARACTER of most of the personal attacks upon Governor Smith is well illustrated by the appearance in a pamphlet on the Governor written by the Rev. "Bob" Schuler, of Los Angeles, of the rhetorical questions asked by the editor of *The Nation* in the article on Al Smith which appeared in this journal on November 30, 1927. These questions were cited as those being asked by snobs, rumor-mongers, gossipers, and religious fanatics, and they were set at the head of the Smith article in order to be answered as they deserved to be. The very reverend "Bob" apparently has torn these questions from their context and deliberately closed his pamphlet with them as if they were the opinions of *The Nation's* editor and represented his attitude toward the Governor of New York. This is, we repeat, characteristic of the underhand campaign being waged by the Governor's adversaries, especially the rabid clerical ones. It is well that Dr. Work, Mr. Hoover's chairman, has disavowed them. But if Mr. Hoover has a spark of chivalry in him he will take an early opportunity to denounce the whole whispering campaign of which, as our Washington correspondent points out elsewhere in this issue, he is increasingly the beneficiary.

THE REPUBLICANS DREW FIRST BLOOD in the Maine election, sweeping the State in the gubernatorial contest by the largest majorities in Maine's political history. The Democratic alibi is weak—the Democratic national organization, knowing that it was in for a bad defeat, kept scrupulously out of the State contest, whereas the Republicans, desiring the prestige of a smashing victory, sent in their heaviest available guns, including Senator Curtis. The Republicans deliberately stressed national issues, recalling that Maine was one of the first prohibition States in the country, and being aware that some of the State Democratic leaders had deserted Governor Smith on that issue. The young Democratic candidate for governor attempted to make export of Maine's water-power an issue, but the Republican candidate successfully sidestepped.

"YOUNG BOB" LA FOLLETTE won his renomination as the Republican candidate for United States Senator from Wisconsin by an overwhelming majority; and he carried his progressive ticket for State offices to victory in every instance except the governorship. For governor a conservative Hoover supporter, Walter J. Kohler, received 220,000 votes; Congressman Joseph D. Beck, the La Follette progressive candidate, 200,000 votes; and the present governor, J. Fred Zimmerman, 83,000 votes. Zimmerman had

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the indorsement of the Anti-Saloon League, which is supposed to have cost him votes; he also was held responsible for certain unwelcome tax legislation; and, what was probably most important, he had entirely lost the confidence of both wings of the Republican Party in Wisconsin. He ran for office two years ago as an old friend of the elder La Follette, spreading abroad an indorsement given him by the Senator years before; he also denounced the "Madison ring," and thereby gained enough support from the conservatives to defeat the real La Follette candidate for the nomination. But he could not long keep the La Follette mantle wrapped about himself, while the taint of his early affiliations hurt him with conservatives. Zimmerman's smashing defeat, even though Kohler led the poll, helps to consolidate progressive leadership in the State. "Young Bob" and Wisconsin are to be congratulated.

ARISTIDE BRIAND'S SPEECH before the Assembly of the League of Nations was one of the strangest in the history of that contradictory statesman. Briand first attracted public attention in France nearly thirty years ago as a fiery champion of the general strike; he won another sort of fame, as Premier, by using the military to suppress a strike. He was one of the war-time prime ministers, and one of the post-war fire-eaters, but when he fell from office after playing golf too assiduously with Lloyd George he exclaimed proudly "If I fall, I fall to the Left" and proceeded to regain prestige as a champion of reconciliation. He was the man of Locarno, who sipped beer with Stresemann at Thoiry, and the inspirer of the Kellogg pacts to outlaw war—and now he has amazed Geneva by a pessimistic speech which would have been unworthy of Poincaré. He sneered at Russia's pleas for disarmament, and declared that the Bolsheviks—whose standing army is, in fact, less than half the size of that maintained by the Czar in 1913—were increasing their army and glorying in it. He sarcastically praised the personnel of Germany's little army of 100,000 and used its valor as a justification for France's maintenance of an army six times its size. Finally, he gave a patently insincere history of the recent Anglo-French naval negotiations—inspired, he said, solely by the desire to reduce armament!—and complained of criticism of it. If the agreement has been misunderstood, surely only those who kept it secret can be blamed. But it is a continental tragedy that M. Briand, who in the sunset of his life was earning the title of European statesman, should have proved himself again just a cheap French politician.

THE CRITICAL STAGE in Germany's reparations history began on September 1 when, for the first time since the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924, she was required to meet the standard annuity under that plan. This amounts to 2,500,000,000 marks (approximately $600,000,000), whereas the payments in cash and deliveries in kind during the past four years have totaled $1,301,860,000. While it is true that Germany has made all her payments—which increased progressively in size from 1924 to 1928—on schedule time, there are several factors that distinctly weaken the force and meaning of the statement. Most important is the fact that during this four-year probationary period Germany has borrowed from foreign countries something like 10,000,000,000 marks ($2,380,000,000), or more than the total of her reparations payments. Furthermore, despite the reorganization of her production Germany's exports have consistently, even increasingly, fallen below her imports. In April, 1927, her imports exceeded her exports by 299,000,000 marks; in April, 1928, the excess was 376,000,000 marks; and monthly data indicate that the gap is growing even wider. Meanwhile internally the governmental expenses—particularly in the constituent states—have been mounting steadily. From 1924 to 1928 the total increase was over $500,000,000. Parker Gilbert criticized this tendency severely in his report last year, yet it has continued parallel to the corresponding rise in State and local expenditures in the United States. Any increased contribution toward reparations from the German budget, therefore, must necessarily conflict with the internal development of Germany and with the growing demands of her states, which Berlin has not been able or willing to control.

NO WONDER THAT GERMANY, facing an unfavorable trade balance and rising governmental costs, is pessimistic as to her ability to meet the new burdens. With no limit to the number of years that the standard annuity shall run the outlook is even more doleful. New foreign loans could be made, but that would only postpone the final day of reckoning, as to a large extent the loans of the past four years have been doing. A year ago J. M. Keynes predicted that the Dawes Plan was likely to break down at this phase. He reasoned that the experts had never expected Germany to carry the full burden of the fifth yearly annuity. They had merely hoped that after postponing the final settlement of the reparations problem a few years much of the ill feeling existing in 1923-1924 would have evaporated, making the chances of a just and adequate settlement more auspicious. The French view of Germany today had, in fact, become saner and less emotional than it was four years ago, until the unfortunate utterances of M. Briand, which play, of course, directly into the hands of the most violent German Nationalists and the survivors of the old military group.

SUGAR IS CHEAP despite Cuba's efforts to limit production, and as a result the Cuban Government is giving up its restrictive legislation. Two years ago, in the hope of raising prices, the Cuban mills stopped grinding after producing 4,884,658 tons of raw sugar, and last year they held Cuba's product down to 4,500,000 tons—as compared with 5,100,000 tons in the year before the restrictions went into effect. But the rest of the world, in particular Java, went on producing cane in abundance—adding 1,379,000 tons to its yield in the two years. In the glutted world market the price of sugar went down, and Cuba, despite the fact that she had left a third of her cane standing uncut in the fields, got only lower prices for her sacrifice. The Czech producers, who had agreed to join Cuba in an effort at restriction, also suffered. And the net result, like the net result of the British effort to control the price of rubber in the world market, is another demonstration of the futility of government efforts at price-fixing. It is a lesson which might well be heeded by those who see in price-fixing a solution of the farmers' ills in this country.

FLORENCE S. KNAPP, the first woman to hold high office in New York State, has been sentenced to serve thirty days in the Albany County jail. The Special Deputy Attorney General who prosecuted Mrs. Knapp urged a suspension of sentence, but Supreme Court Justice Stephen Callaghan refused, remarking that the records "furnished indisputab

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proof that funds amounting to $27,604.18 were improperly paid by the State on false certifications by the defendant," that, apparently, she had received some $24,000 of this, that there was evidence before the grand jury to justify "at least thirty" instead of only twelve indictments, that she had sought to obstruct the course of justice, and had committed perjury and subornation of perjury. "The purpose of punishment," said the judge, "is not that society may wreak vengeance against the guilty, but is rather for the salutary purpose of warning others that they may not commit like offenses against the law." And what kind of warning is it when a shabby young man is sent to prison for life for picking four pockets, while a well-dressed woman official who steals $24,000 from the State she has sworn to serve goes to jail for only a month?

COMMERCIAL FLYING, so long dormant in this country, seems to be waking to its possibilities with the inauguration of a combined airplane-railway service between New York City and San Francisco and a similar line between the former city and Chicago. The failure of commercial flying to make progress in this country has long been an almost inexplicable puzzle. Passenger routes have criss-crossed Europe since the end of the World War and have long been an accepted means of communication there. With the far greater distances to be traversed in this country, the American desire for speed, and a large traveling public willing to pay handsomely in order to save time, commercial flying should have developed faster here than abroad. Instead, it has evolved scarcely at all, but it is not improbable that its growth may now become the more rapid on account of the long delay. Although our great distances seem to offer unusual opportunities for airplane travel, they also present some handicaps. Eight or ten hours is about as long, in present circumstances, as passengers care to remain in the air. But if a passenger is landed then and allowed to pass the night in a hotel, much time is lost. In the lately started transcontinental service the passenger flies during two days and is hurried on during the succeeding nights in a railway sleeping-car. In going from Chicago to New York, the traveler quits the former city late in the afternoon, reaches Cleveland by nightfall, and there boards a sleeper bringing him into New York in the morning.

COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU, who has just died while German Ambassador to Moscow, deserved well of his countrymen for two reasons. To his everlasting honor he laid down the office of Foreign Minister rather than sign the Treaty of Versailles. "It is demanded," he said to the Allied statesmen, "that we acknowledge sole guilt for the war. Such a profession would be a lie in my mouth." Privately he declared that he would rather have his right hand cut off than sign the treaty which was so monstrous an injustice in so many ways and threatened the very existence of Europe. To the German Cabinet he said: "Don't sign—we shall have to go through hell lasting two or three months at most. If we sign, it will be a lingering sickness and the entire people will go to ruin"—it did in the inflation days. Man after man followed his example in refusing to sign the treaty, while the Allies waited in trepidation, for their armies were disintegrating, and Lloyd George himself eagerly asked travelers from Germany how far the Germans could be pushed without turning upon the Allies. Had there been a united German front like Brockdorff-Rantzau's the post-war story of Europe would have been entirely different. Finally, Hermann Müller, now the Chancellor, was found to sign a document to which no honest German should ever have put his name. In 1922 Brockdorff-Rantzau was appointed Ambassador to Moscow. Here again he deserved well of his people for his share in the initiation and maintenance of the broadminded, decent, and humane policy which the German Government has consistently maintained toward Russia. A diplomat of the old Prussian school, he was quick to accept the republic, and he served it with absolute fidelity and loyalty.

MARY GARRETT HAY IS DEAD, and there is sorrow among women's organizations throughout the country. Wherever women gathered, for half a century, she was a vigorous and important figure, organizing, speaking, raising necessary funds with an enthusiasm and a shrewd knowledge that were invaluable. She was a moving force and a high official in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Woman's Suffrage Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, the Women's Law Enforcement League. She spent her life fighting for two causes, prohibition and woman suffrage. And after she had boosted them into the law of the land, she set about trying to make them the habit of the land. Herself an influential Republican, she urged women to join a party, to take part in politics, to use the vote for which she had fought. An uncompromising teetotaler, she insisted that prohibition be enforced, and she organized women who agreed with her into a fighting body. She was a square little white-haired person with snapping blue eyes and a voice that dared one to start an argument. It was a treat to hear her speak her mind. She feared no man or woman, and she said exactly what she thought. Violent in her beliefs, her loyalties, her prejudices, she saw everything clearly black or white, without shadows or nuances. A crusader she was, marching against the liquor interests, against the intrenched male voter, against political crookedness, shams, and evasions. Marching, fighting, giving no quarter, swaggering a little in her invincible rightness, she belonged to that generation of feminists and reformers to whom doubts were treason.

PEKING, August 21. The Municipal Bureau of Public Safety has declared that Peking women under thirty years of age must bob their hair or pay a "degeneracy tax." Mayor Ho Chi-kung is determined to eliminate feudalistic habits still adhered to by some of the Peking people. He has ordered that men who insist upon wearing queues must pay a heavy monthly tax.

HAVE you heard the latest news?
Now the Revolution's there,
Peking men must dock their queues,
Peking girls must bob their hair.

Fine the folks if they delay.
Tax them if they say they won't,
That's the modern Western way—
Shake a stick and grumble "Don't."

Peking girls must bob their hair,
Peking men must dock their queues.
Do they wish to? Who should care?
Smash their feudalistic views!

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The Roots of Corruption

PHILADELPHIA is rubbing its eyes. A grand jury investigating gang murders has come on the trail of organized crime upon a scale to make Chicago gasp. A highly organized criminal ring, intimately associated with the Police Department, has been making crime a profession in Philadelphia, and eminent attorneys have assisted it. Redistilling plants operated so close to a police station that the officers on duty complained of the fumes, but protection had been paid, and the business continued. Machine-guns were sold without permits to the thugs who carried out the gang's murder orders. An unofficial bootleggers' court settled disputes between rival gangs, with the aid of expensive counsel. Meanwhile, police officers were opening bank accounts that ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars; and to this day not one officer of the city police department has aided the investigation.

The details are new, and the existence of a district attorney and a grand jury with the courage and ability to expose such facts is novel; but the main outlines of the story could probably be repeated in any one of a score of large cities of the United States. Chicago's homicide rate, like Detroit's, is even higher than Philadelphia's; and probably murder and bootlegging are more elaborately organized in all the cities along the Canadian border. New York City, too, while—despite campaign legends—considerably cleaner and better policed than the cities of Mr. Hoover's allies Bill Vare and Bill Thompson, has its organized gangs, and no diner-out in the city can be unfamiliar with the fact that police protection is a commodity for sale on the market.

Philadelphia, to be sure, has a distinguished record for corruption. It was twenty-five years ago this year that Lincoln Steffens wrote his famous article describing Philadelphia as "the worst-governed city in the country," and asserting that while "All our municipal governments are more or less bad and all our people are optimists, Philadelphia is . . . the most corrupt and the most contented." It still is. Steffens, a quarter of a century ago, looked back upon the sad history of reform movements in Philadelphia, and tempered his enthusiasm over the apparent reawakening of civic conscience in the Quaker City. Well he might. Philadelphia, under the Vares, is as rottenly corrupt today as it was then under Matthew Quay, and prohibition has added incentives to crime and opportunities for corruption which did not exist even in the palmiest days of South Philadelphia's four-corner saloons. There is no more chance for District Attorney Monaghan and Mayor Mackey to succeed in cleaning up the city today than there was for General Smedley D. Butler when he imported marine-corps methods into the police administration, and, despite an unrivaled genius for advertising, made one of the worst failures in American police history.

And the reason for this is clear: it is that this sort of corruption is close to the roots of the power of both of the great political parties today. Without the political-patronage system it might be possible to clean up. But with the weight of the two party organizations and of the hundreds of thousands of political office-holders against reform, a real housecleaning is an impossibility. Votes are not bought and sold today as baldly as they were a quarter of a century ago. But favors are swapped. Every city lawyer knows that the best way to obtain an acquittal for his petty clients is not to study law books but to see the right man—the man with influence, the friend of the judge, the "wise guy." Little men are ready to repay the favors done them by bigger men; and bigger men remember gratefully the powers that appointed them. Steffens's analysis, made in 1903, is as true today as it was then:

> The President of the United States and his patronage; the National Cabinet and their patronage; the Congress and the patronage of the Senators and the Congressmen from Pennsylvania; the Governor of the State and the State Legislature with their powers and patronage—all these bear down upon Philadelphia to keep it in the control of Quay's [read "Vare's" in 1928] boss and their little ring. This is the ideal of party organization.

Steffens then was making the same discouraged analysis of the political scene which Frank Kent has just renewed in his "Political Behavior." The great virtue upon which American political reputations are built is loyalty: loyalty to the gang, to the party, to the organization and its weakest links.

The country had an exhibition of perversion of the upper reaches of its political machinery during the Harding Administration. And the federal Department of Justice is still being used as a partisan tool. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt manipulates her official position for brazenly political ends. One need not cite her speech before the Methodists of Ohio. Her Broadway raids were intended to advertise the wetness of Al Smith's New York, while her own party's Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia went relatively unscathed. And, finally, her prosecution of Perry Howard, former Republican National Committeeman from Mississippi, was just cheap political blatherskiting. Perry Howard has been one of the pillars of the skeleton organization of Negro Republicanism in the South for years; he was one of Mr. Hoover's preconvention enthusiasts. Like all Southern Republican politicians, he dealt in post offices and other political appointments; he received cash from the organization, and paid it out for value received. He did what he was asked to do, loyally and corruptly, as did his fellows in the other Southern States. Then, when it became politically expedient for the Republican Party to dissociate itself from the Negroes in the South, Perry Howard was suddenly prosecuted for doing what he had been paid to do. Party power rests on protection and patronage, but, of course, protection lasts only as long as it is expedient.

This is a bossed country, and the power of the bosses roots, ultimately, in the protection given to the kind of criminals who are being exposed in Philadelphia. One or two police captains degraded will avail nothing; the men who named them will remain. The power of the precinct captains in both parties is responsible for the corrupt police officers, and the influence of the precinct captains will determine the national election. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Vare machine counts the votes before election. When one reads of "strong Al Smith sentiment in Philadelphia," it can mean little except that Mr. Raskob's lieutenants have come to an understanding with the Vares.

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Labor Strategy

"CLASS collaboration," hissed the British Communists when the annual Trade Union Congress at London voted for the so-called Mond policy of cooperation between capital and labor. "Industrial realism," replied the leaders of the Congress. The realists won in the vote almost six to one.

The fundamental question at issue was this: How far can a group of workers go in cooperating with employers to maintain efficiency without surrendering the essential spirit and meaning of the labor movement? The traditional attitude of the labor movement has been one of opposition to the owning class. When Sir Alfred Mond, now Lord Melchett, invited the leaders of British unionism to meet him and a distinguished group of large employers to discuss industrial cooperation, the Cook-Maxton faction in the labor movement wanted to refuse the invitation. But the invitation was accepted, and preliminary plans were made.

It is too early to judge those plans; they have not been completed, much less put into practice. But this much seems clear: Class cooperation between British unions and employers is not the same thing as is usually described by that phrase in America. The British unions cooperate with employers on the basis of collective bargaining and the union shop. It is taken for granted that workers shall choose their own form of organization, their own leaders, and function without discrimination. That basic right is not established in nine-tenths of American industry. "Cooperation" in most American industries means agreeable submission by the workers to the methods of operation advocated by the management.

The British unions, in spite of their conferences with the employers, have not surrendered their union shop or their fundamental socialist aspirations—and these aspirations put a new meaning upon any temporary compromise they may accept. The ringing militancy of Robert Smilley is gone from a miners' union which has lost 300,000 members in frontal attacks upon the British coal owners, but the spirit of British labor is not broken. With industry in a desperate plight because of the loss of overseas markets and unemployment a chronic disaster, the British workers realize the necessity of increased efficiency if their factories are to be kept running. The labor movement has both an immediate and an ultimate purpose—to gain improved conditions for workers within the business structure and to modify the distribution of power in that system, in an effort to approach industrial democracy. The unions, having sensibly rejected the doctrine of violent revolution, must of course seek to make the most of the business system in its present stage.

Until recent years the labor movement, particularly in Great Britain, has maintained a negative attitude toward work. "If the employers want to get more work out of us, let them try," labor has seemed to say. "Don't we work hard enough already?" Fear has forced efficiency in times of unemployment, but in times of a scarcity of labor the responsibility for efficiency has fallen almost entirely upon the boss. It is useless to condemn this attitude of labor unless we condemn every other feature of the industrial system which enables men to get a living without efficient work. Under a profit economy the common worker not only has no stake in ownership as an incentive for labor, but he sees above him the accepted inefficiency of the business manipulators who deliberately limit output for the sake of profit.

But the sabotage of business manipulators does not justify labor in withholding efficiency unless the workers are aiming at a quick transformation of the business system through catastrophe. The best of our labor leaders have come to see that they will be in a better position to claim the fruits of new inventions if they openly cooperate with the advancing machine. Such unions as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have agreed with the employers to accept improved work standards and changes in the machine process. The labor movement need not suffer from the loss of some of its pugnacious attitudes so long as its own independent organization is maintained, with the right to strike as a reserve weapon, and so long as the ultimate ideals of the labor movement are emphasized.

Unfortunately most of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor seem to have forgotten all about the ultimate ideals of the labor movement. With the accumulation of large stomachs, heavy watch-chains, and invitations to speak before the American Legion, they have abandoned organization activity in those areas of unskilled labor where their activity should be most intense. Two years ago at Detroit they sounded a trumpet call to organize the automobile workers; they have hardly made even a serious gesture in that direction. The speech of President William Green on Labor Day was the speech of a tradesman fighting for a larger share of the national income for his particular trades. It was excellent in its way but no more inspiring than a speech before the Southern Undertakers' Association appealing for better business in caskets. Until the American Federation of Labor adopts a militant policy toward the organization of unorganized workers the suspicion will be justified that its talk of cooperation with capital smacks more of surrender than of realism.

The Consumer's View

OFTEN it seems as if the consumer—the man who pays for all merchandise—has nothing to say in the determination of what he buys. At least his power is only negative—and limited at that. Buying is like voting; it is not getting what one wants but accepting the least objectionable of what is offered. It was not always that way. When shops were smaller and the boss stood behind the counter, the buyer could make known his ideas, and the proprietor—who was interested in building up his trade—had an incentive to pass the suggestions on to the producer. Now the man or woman behind the counter seldom has anything to do with the buying of goods and no encouragement to communicate the consumer's wants to the person who has.

It is a comfort, therefore, to discover that, though the manufacturer and the merchant sometimes seem to have no desire to find out the wishes of the person who supports their business, there is an organization of the federal government which thinks that the consumer should at least have a chance to blow off steam. The Federal Trade Commission is making an inquiry to develop reasons for and against giving to manufacturers of trade-marked or other-

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wise identifiable goods the right to make contracts with merchants obliging them to sell at a price named by the makers. For some curious reason the commission has assumed that the consumer's interests and ideas on this question are worth considering, or at least worth learning, and a questionnaire has been sent out to that end. The consumer is asked first if he favors legislation permitting manufacturers to make enforceable agreements with retailers fixing the prices to be charged for branded products. We shall be surprised if the commission receives more than a scattering of affirmative answers. The advantage of "resale price maintenance," as the technical jargon has it, is obvious on many counts, from the standpoint of the manufacturer, and its advantages are apparent for a considerable number of retailers. But it is hard to discover the benefits of the scheme for the consumer, unless the latter is a great believer in branded goods and thinks that fixed prices will increase the tendency of retailers to carry them. Certainly on general principles the merchant is better qualified to determine the price at which goods are to be sold than is the manufacturer, and it is to the interest of the consumer that the retailer should be allowed to do so. The storekeeper knows by experience at what prices articles of a certain sort move briskly or remain piled up on his shelves. He has considerable insight into the purchasing power of the community in which he does business and information in regard to the prices asked by his competitors.

"Do you, when purchasing goods, regard brands or trade-marks as guaranteeing quality?" is one question addressed to the consumer by the Federal Trade Commission. We think that, in general, the consumer does. In order not to be entirely at sea in his purchases, the buyer must have a standard by which to judge them. After a little experience with a given branded product the consumer may obtain its measure and be in a position to compare this intelligently with the price asked. Of course this depends upon a continuing uniformity in the product, and failure to maintain this has in the long run deprived many branded goods of any advantage. It sometimes happens that a manufacturer deliberately lowers the character of a product in order to "cash in" on the reputation that it has gained; or he sells his business and the new owner, either through ignorance or greed, exploits it unworthily. Then, of course, in a period of rising costs, a manufacturer is often in a dilemma when he must advance prices or reduce quality. He sometimes compromises by doing both. But it often happens that a manufacturer changes his standards for no such reasons. He changes instead because he thinks the public demands novelty and that he cannot continue to sell an article except by making frequent modifications. Generally this is a mistake. A man, for instance, after considerable experiment, finds a collar that suits him and lays in a supply. When eventually his collars have been lost or torn to threads in the laundry, he returns for more of the same style only to find them unobtainable, the manufacturer having decided to substitute another kind, or at least to change the name.

From the standpoint of the consumer the one essential argument in favor of branded goods is their uniformity, and the tendency of manufacturers to sacrifice this to novelty is one of the worst practices of the times. If there is anything which the Federal Trade Commission can do to remedy this situation it will have more meaning for the consumer than the question of "resale price maintenance."

Blasphemy à la Mode

DETERMINED to miss no opportunity of being absurd, the Boston authorities would not even consent to retire gracefully from the ridiculous position in which they placed themselves by launching a charge of blasphemy against Dr. Horace M. Kallen. Instead of placing the blame for the blunder upon the thick head of some zealous police captain where in all fairness it probably belonged, Municipal Judge Michael J. Murray preferred to seize what seemed to him an admirable opportunity for a spectacular demonstration of judicial broadmindedness and announced that the charge would not be pushed in view of the fact that Dr. Kallen's unfortunate remark ("If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, then Jesus Christ was an anarchist too") was merely a slip such as any man might make in a moment of excitement. Thereupon, however, Dr. Kallen replied in a letter made public in this issue of *The Nation* that he had made the reference intentionally and with premeditated purpose. Judge Murray is left with an unpleasant alternative. Either he will have to attempt to bring the blasphemer to trial or else tacitly admit that his bluff has been called and that he was attempting to take public credit for magnanimity in withholding a blow that he was, in reality, afraid to strike.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that Dr. Kallen was merely employing a well-worn formula and that anyone in Boston or elsewhere may, with perfect impunity, attribute to Jesus whatever opinions he likes provided only he does not touch some particularly sore spot like anarchy in Massachusetts or the race question in the South. Real blasphemy is generally hailed with delight by that large body of eager churchgoers which is anxious to have its obligations explained away. Nothing has been more generally responsible for the fact that Christianity has been everywhere professed and almost never practiced than the ease with which the Master's name may be invoked to support anything from human slavery to wholesale murder. From the beginning it is chiefly from His friends that He has needed to be protected and always by the hypocritical kiss of a disciple that He has been betrayed.

Month by month the "Americana" department of Mr. Mencken's *Mercury* has recorded theological discoveries announced before various bodies. Jesus was the first Rotarian, the first realtor, and the first Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan; He was the best of all business men and the most irresistible of high-pressure salesmen. If He were alive today He would vote for prohibition and against it, favor child labor and oppose it, send the alien back where he came from, and join the Loyal Order of Moose. He has been patronized by embezzlers, slapped on the back by Babbitts, and manhandled by evangelists. One widely sold "biography" was written by a noisy Italian who discovered Jesus as the last of a series of sensational subjects, and another by a successful advertising man who attributed so many of his own opinions to Jesus that he appeared to be writing an autobiography. Yet on none of these previous occasions does the law seem to have been offended. But should the Department of Justice at last decide to set up an ecclesiastical court the results might be very interesting to the philosophical spectator. If Dr. Kallen is a blasphemer, how about Bruce Barton?

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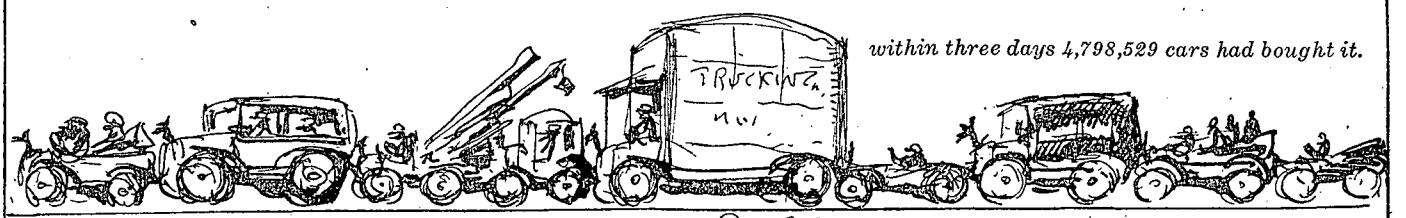
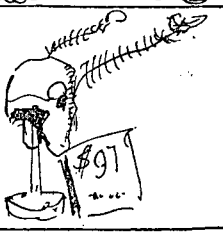
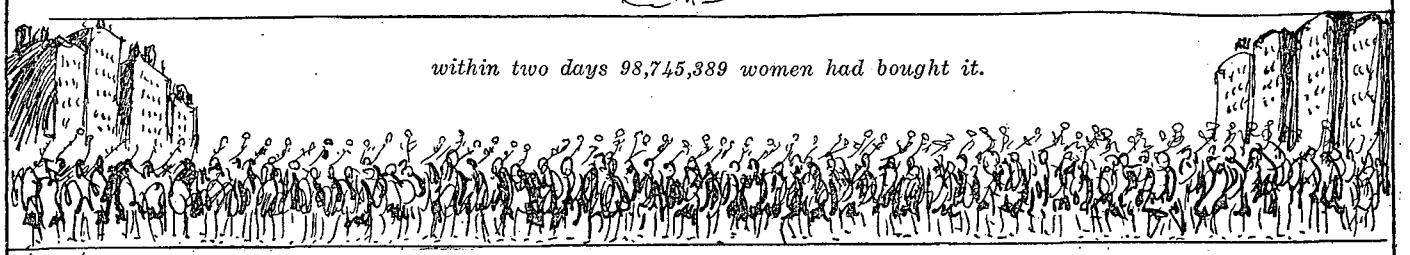
Since exclusiveness is what our public wants, a firm invented a new "exclusive" radiator-cap which was so exclusive that



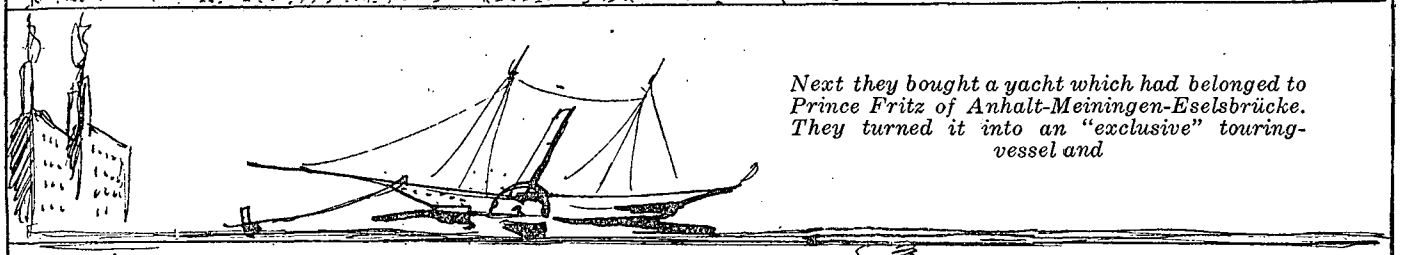
within three days 4,798,529 cars had bought it.



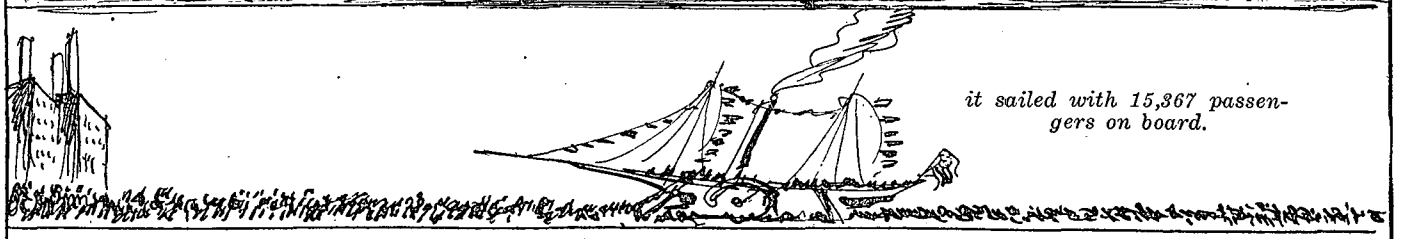
Next they marketed the "exclusive" antennae-hat for "exclusive" women and



within two days 98,745,389 women had bought it.

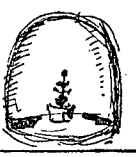


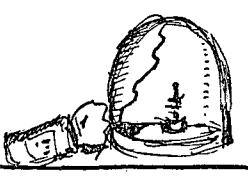
Next they bought a yacht which had belonged to Prince Fritz of Anhalt-Meiningen-Eselsbrücke. They turned it into an "exclusive" touring-vessel and



it sailed with 15,367 passengers on board.

Encouraged by their success they bought at great expense a single grain of an exceedingly "exclusive" truth, and spent eight billion dollars advertising it to the public.





And behold, after five years it had attracted the attention of three tin cans, one of which had severely cracked the glass covering.

Exclusive

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

DRAMATIC reviewers in New York are too much inclined to stand with the devils, not the angels. Specifically, I am alienated from the members of the craft by their tendency to cry "unclean" whenever language in a play grows rough and ribald. A comedy does not of necessity become good merely because its author lays about him with a free hand among words which generally are forbidden. But I have seen even cheap and tawdry shows which seemed to me a little useful in smashing down taboos and inhibitions. Even the rattiest of burlesque troupes may have had some tiny share in making possible a "What Price Glory."

The present tumult in the town has been occasioned by "The Front Page." No one, to the best of my knowledge, has contended that this is a great play, although it can easily be argued that it is a show most skilful in construction and production. There is a disposition to say that Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur have had recourse to strong language merely in the hope of attracting that public which pays its money to be shocked. But such a service is not to be lightly dismissed as something of no consequence. Still less am I willing to admit that the author who shocks his hearers has done an evil thing. If every man, woman, and child in the community could be shocked with some degree of regularity each year I think we would soon have a sweeter and saner community.

Naturally I am not insisting that all words are created free and equal. An author or an auditor has a right to pick his favorites out of the vocabulary. He may and undoubtedly will keep certain prejudices. To any given individual a word may seem horrible either because of its sound or its connotation. I think that latter element is the more influential. Occasionally liberals have tried to excuse themselves for feeling a horror in the presence of certain blunt expressions on the ground that it was not the meaning but the mere vibration of the word which caused them anguish. In such cases I am generally doubtful of the rationalization. Something emotional and possibly unconscious lies behind the clash.

By now we hear much less than in the past about the downright immorality of any set of letters. Many will agree that it is silly to bring any sort of criminal indictment against vowels and consonants, however combined. Instead of Mrs. Grundy another arbiter has been appointed. This time it is a man and he is called Good Taste. I like him little better than the old lady. There is always room for argument about morals, but at that the principles of "right living" are more readily formulated than are the canons of Good Taste.

In "The Front Page," for instance, when the managing editor rips out an oath I may be pleased because an inner voice says to me "How like a managing editor!" Across the aisle another blanches and even as he pales insists that right or wrong has nothing to do with his objection. It's all a matter of good taste. In fiction and the theater I believe the truth to be in all cases sufficient justification. If reporters in real life blaspheme and use to great extent vulgar expressions then I think it is entirely proper that this same color should be in their conversation in a play.

I will be told that a skilful author can create the effect of violent expression and never once use any word to worry the most fastidious. This I doubt. It was not the way of William Shakespeare. When it was time for Falstaff to grow bawdy the bard equipped him with the necessary words and phrases. Shakespeare made no attempt to suggest ribaldry by setting nice words to dancing in a ballet. At the drug counter and the footlights the thing suggested as something just as good really is not.

Well do I remember the terrific disappointment which assailed me in hearing for the first time "The Hairy Ape." Eugene O'Neill was a leader of daring dramatists and he had gone down to the sea in ships and into the bowels of the vessels. Thus when there was bickering among the begrimed I sat back and tuned my ears for language. The great hulking brute around whom the play was written squared off to loose upon a fellow-worker a torrent of abusive epithets. He began mildly enough, but there was still the promise that the climax might be terrific. However, the entire tirade ended with one stoker calling the other a "louse" or something equally feeble in the cosmic scheme of cursing. For me the play was finished from that moment. I knew it then merely as the adventuring of a literary fellow who had decided on a little slumming.

Many will argue with me that I demand too much. Any literal transcription of the actual talk of stokers would be far beyond what is permitted even in this day during which the frontiers are being pretty constantly pushed forward. I am willing to admit that in such a scene actuality would be too terrible for a vast majority of people in any audience. I will not swagger forth and say that I might not be shocked myself. There is no intention here to suggest that this commentator has risen well above all inhibitions. In cases where listeners are too gravely shocked the effect upon their dramatic attention is decidedly harmful. Some single word may leap out and distort the general scheme of the performance. In Utopia things will not be like this. No bones in that fair land will ever be broken except by sticks and stones. Bad words will never hurt you if you know them with some degree of intimacy.

Since the stoker is as yet a man too articulate to be freely admitted into a cast of characters, I would be for keeping him out until we all have grown in wisdom. However, this limitation may prove too much to be accepted. For instance, O'Neill must watch for breakers on ahead if he purposes to do more plays in the manner of "Strange Interlude." Such thoughts of man as lie a bit below the surface are not always scoured in a way to make them readily suitable for public presentation. If O'Neill intends to go on in his traffic with the subconscious he must steel himself to follow part-way in the steps of Joyce or make the frank admission that the drama is but a feeble and a frightened echo of the novel.

"The Front Page" would remain an excellent entertainment if every doubtful word were scratched out of its script. It would not be as good a play and if any such revision takes place I certainly will be among the resenters. There is no such thing as a bad word. Language was created by man and in his own language.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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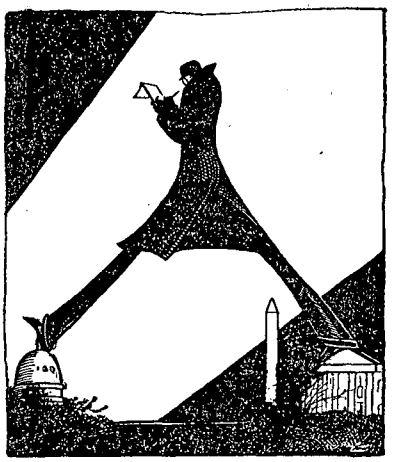
The Hoover Whispering Campaign

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN



Washington, D. C., September 10

THE Republican Presidential campaign is a dual-personality spectacle. It is a Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde drama.

Hoover, aloof and austere, devotes himself to smug generalities, evasions, intangible assurances. He says nothing and promises nothing. He is the Herbert Hoover who, a few months ago, was considered too good to have a chance at the Presidency; he is also the Herbert Hoover who fooled the politicians, the Slemps, the Rush Hollands, the Crockers, the Vares, and the Mellons, and won out in spite of them.

The Republican candidate has made it clear that he personally is going to take it easy during the campaign. Four or five speeches at the most during the six weeks preceding his departure for his home in California to vote, with perhaps one other address on the way out. That will be the extent of his contribution. In these talks he will "discuss" labor, tariff, international peace, prosperity, opportunity, and American moral and spiritual idealism, as developed and fostered by the Republican Party. Of water-power, corruption, imperialism, labor distress in the mining and milling industries, even prohibition, the Republican candidate will say nothing.

* * * * *

THE reason is simple. Hoover's campaign strategy requires that he do nothing, say nothing, which might in any way distract attention from the real Republican campaign—the under-cover attack on Governor Smith. Even if he wanted to speak out—which he does not, for one of the most outstanding characteristics of the man is his inherent reluctance and wariness about avowing himself, his rabid adherents notwithstanding to the contrary—the Republican nominee would be chary about saying anything important because to do so might divert attention from the "sh-h-h" campaign which has been started. It is Hoover's mission to give front and presence to the Republican race. The well-trained machine and long-experienced hordes behind him will take care of the blanketing mantle of "sh-h-h" tales, horrors, superstitions, defamations, suspicions that is being spread against Governor Smith.

Dr. Work wasn't talking ignorantly when shortly after his appointment he declared that as far as the Republicans were concerned prohibition and farm relief would not be issues. He was just telling a fact which saner politicians preferred to conceal. The Republican press and leaders therefore demanded of Hoover that he gag Work. And Work was bluntly told to keep his mouth shut. The politicians were afraid that Senator George Moses's observation about the Republican National Chairman might become too true: "At last we have found the man who can stop Hoover." It was only one step beyond Dr. Work's admission to the revelation that the Republicans proposed making their campaign not on issues at all but on two prejudices—those against Catholicism and against Tammany Hall. And Dr. Work's vague denial that personal attacks had been made with the sanction or authority or knowledge of the Republican National Committee does not change the fact.

* * * * *

EVERYWHERE, North, East, South, West, the Republican attack upon the Democratic candidate is based on his Catholic faith and his Tammany affiliation. Colonel John Q. Tilson, the lumbering majority floor-leader of the House, accompanying Hoover on his journey across the Continent for his notification ceremony, spoke only of these two matters. Newspaper correspondents who were on the trip report that Tilson would circulate among the meager crowds that greeted the candidate and inquire as to what the issues of the campaign appeared to be in the particular locality.

"Seems to me Tammany Hall and other [significant emphasis on "other"] questions ought to be of great importance in this campaign, don't you think?" he would ask.

In his talk with the newsmen, they say, he constantly stressed these two items. Farm relief, water-power, imperialism, prohibition were nothing in the Colonel's life. Tammany Hall and "other" questions were his obsessions.

And he was not alone in this propaganda. Every Republican leader across the country, coming and going, was reported singing the same refrain. Out loud they yelled Tammany Hall; under their breaths they whispered about the Pope and Romanism. At West Branch, Iowa, where there was an afternoon's program of political oratory, every speaker—among them Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Governor Hammill, Senator Capper, Representatives Dickinson and Will Wood—devoted himself to a bitter attack upon Tammany Hall.

"Tammany Hall was founded by a traitor who deserted the Revolutionary Army for the British," Wood, chairman of the Congressional campaign committee, shouted. "The devil don't change. It's the same organization today that it was when this traitor founded it."

Questioned by the reporters as to who the "traitor" was, Wood said he could not recall his name, but that it was contained in a recently published history of Tammany.

The next night at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where a political rally was held that presented the inspiring spectacle of the now regular Senator Brookhart, as the presiding officer, introducing as the main attraction the redoubtable "Jim" Watson of Indiana, who some two years ago was the floor-leader of the successful fight to deprive Brookhart of his seat in the Senate, the same performance was repeated.

In confidential conversations with Republican campaigners and managers it is frankly admitted that the Catholic and Tammany Hall factors are counted upon to put

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over the Hoover-Curtis ticket, particularly in the West. Arthur Evans of the Chicago *Tribune*, in a series of articles outlining the political situation in the corn-belt and wheat States, declared bluntly that it was the Catholic and Tammany Hall accusations, plus innuendo about drinking and other matters which are being industriously disseminated by the Drys, that would keep these States in the Republican column, with the possible exception of Wisconsin.

The William Allen White attacks upon Governor Smith as a friend of prostitution, although officially disavowed, are being circulated by the hundreds of thousands. "Tammany Hall and Womanhood" is the title of a particularly violent pamphlet issued in Hoover's home State, bearing upon its cover a quotation from William Allen White. The *New Menace*, the *Fellowship Forum*, the *Nation's Voice*, and other scurrilous panderers to race and religious prejudice, attributing nine-tenths of all crime to Catholics, charging Catholicism with every kind of private debauchery and public crime, citing the forged "Knights of Columbus oath," asserting that Catholic countries export assassins as other countries export merchandise, circulate by the million. Hoover and the Republican high command do not themselves distribute this poison, but they count upon it to win.

So it is no wonder that Hoover has nothing to say and will say nothing. To talk out might focus attention on such matters as water-power, imperialism, labor injunctions, and as to where he does stand on the prohibition question. And then what would become of the "sh-h-h" attack with which the Republican management confidently expects to strangle the opposition?

Jugoslavia at the Cross-Roads

By G. E. R. GEDYE

I

Zagreb, August 23

POLITICAL indigestion is common to the inheritors of the plums of the Hapsburg Monarchy—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Poland, and Jugoslavia. In a general sense only, the present grave situation in the last country is due to the same trouble as that which the others have experienced—mature plums consumed in large quantities too rapidly for immature digestions. In Czecho-Slovakia, however, the plum of Slovakia was less mature than the Czech nation which absorbed it, and it is therefore not surprising that the Czechs have been the first to approach complete digestion. The particular violence of the attacks directed by foreign propagandists against Czecho-Slovakia have proved of great value to that state. The older civilization of Prague has been forced to recognize the danger of leaving more primitive Slovakia, with a number of grievances, a prey to the agents of those who desired only the disruption of the state, and the remedies for which the other states are crying aloud—decentralization and autonomy—have been so generously applied, especially during the past month, that Slovak grievances today are practically non-existent.

II

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation for rumors optimistically floated in Budapest to the effect that the Croatian leaders are consumed with longing to set again on the Croat people the kindly yoke of Hungary from which that people struggled so long and so painfully to free itself. Hungary's attitude toward Central European difficulties, though officially correct, is privately too often that of a fisher in troubled waters, and no serious observer could make the mistake of thinking that any of the participants in the various family quarrels of the Slav states, and of Rumania, would welcome or even tolerate Magyar assistance. It can be said with equal certainty that none of the leaders of the Croat "revolt" against Belgrade dreams of cutting adrift from Serbia. A glance at the map will reveal one all-sufficient reason: an independent Croatia would lie helpless and defenseless between Italy and Hungary.

Here is the Croat case. From 1102, when, on the extinction of the Croat dynasty, Croatia entered into a "personal union" with Hungary, the Magyar rulers became *ipso facto* kings of Croatia. Croat autonomy has ever been zealously defended and, on paper at least, maintained. It is admitted that before the war Hungarian encroachments had deprived it of most of its real value and that in practice Croatia was treated as a subject province by Budapest. It was particularly the "class-vote" system of Hungary which put patriotic Croatians in a permanent and ineffective minority in the Sabor (the Croat Diet). Nevertheless, that Diet existed till the creation of the Jugoslav state, and with it four independent ministries (Interior, Justice, Education, and Trade), three of which were reestablished by the Croatian-Hungarian "Compromise" of 1868. Fifty-four per cent of the revenues of Croatia were at the disposal of the Sabor and the country had its own schools and law courts.

The contention of Belgrade that the Croats are a thankless people to start complaining despite the debt of gratitude which they owe to Serbia for her release of them from Hungarian domination in 1918 is hotly resented in Zagreb. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, say the Croats, a movement had been afoot among the Southern Slavs for national unity, such as first Germany and then Italy succeeded in bringing about. When, under the hammer-blows of greater Powers than Serbia, it became apparent during the war that the final collapse of the tottering Hapsburg Monarchy could only be a matter of weeks, the Croat Diet, on October 29, 1918, broke off all relations with Austria-Hungary and proclaimed the formation of a new independent State of the Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs, who till then had been subjects of the Hapsburgs. At this time the territory of the Kingdom of Serbia was still in part occupied by Austro-Hungarian and German troops, so that, it is claimed, for the Serbs to talk of a "deliverance" of Croatia by Serbia is absurd.

The Croatian Diet elected a committee which, on December 1, 1918, decided to unite with the Kingdom of Serbia to form the new state of Jugoslavia, accepting the Karageorgevich Dynasty as the ruler of the new kingdom. Right from the start Stephen Radich, who had led

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the peasantry under the Hapsburgs and had suffered for it, was opposed to the form which the new state promised to take. When the constitution was adopted in 1921, Radich and his Peasant Party abstained from voting on the constitution bill. For his republican propaganda he suffered long terms of imprisonment, but it is admitted that later on he changed his views and became an enthusiast for King Alexander. In March, 1925, Paul Radich (who was one of those Croats who were murdered in the Skupshtina on June 20, last) accepted the constitution in the name of his uncle, who was shortly afterward released from prison. The latter, in fact, endeavored to make the best of what he had from the start declared to be a bad job.

Joint leader with him in the Peasant-Democratic coalition which has for so long been fighting Belgrade Centralism was, at the time of the shooting, his old enemy Svetozar Pribichevich. Pribichevich is the leader of the Serbs of Croatia (ex-Hapsburg subjects) and was for a long time a Centralist, making common cause with his coreligionists, the Serbs of the Old Kingdom. Today he is the outstanding personality—since the death of Stephen Radich—in the triumvirate leadership of the "revolt" against Belgrade. Thus one aspect of the general problem is that in the historic Kingdom of Croatia both the Roman Catholic Croats and the Orthodox Serbs, speaking the same language but using the Cyrillic instead of the Latin alphabet, are demanding from the Orthodox Serbs of Old Serbia that home rule—autonomy—which against the better judgment of the leaders of the Croat peasantry they surrendered in accepting the constitution of 1921.

III

But, just as in Rumania M. Maniu, primarily leader of the Transylvanian peasants, has succeeded in uniting behind him the peasantry of all the new Rumanian provinces in opposition to the Old Kingdom of Rumania, so the Peasant-Democratic coalition in Jugoslavia, in its struggle against the Centralist regime in Belgrade, claims to have the support of the peasantry of all the new provinces of Jugoslavia which were formerly subject to the Hapsburgs or independent (Montenegro) states. Radich's dream was always of a peasant federation of the Balkan Slavs (including the Bulgarians); in this he never wavered, though he once desired the "Balkan Federation" to take the form of a republic, and, later, that of a monarchy. It is for the achievement of this federal ideal—for the present, of course, without Bulgaria—that the Peasant-Democratic coalition which left the Skupshtina after the events of June 20 is now striving.

Though its members seem at present unwilling to be precise in their demands, they declare in general for the widest measures of autonomy for each of the new provinces—Croatia, Bosnia, Montenegro, and the others. The peasantry of the new provinces generally support the coalition; the Slovenes, at all events as far as their parliamentary representatives are concerned, form an exception, though the Slovene Peasant Party is coalitionist. The powerful party of the Clericals, the Slovene People's Party, however, is with Belgrade, the present Prime Minister of Jugoslavia, Father Korosech, being himself a Slovene priest.

The grievances of the Peasant-Democratic coalition are primarily financial. Four-fifths of the revenues of the country come from the new provinces, yet they have the expenditure of only one-quarter. Then there is the sore point of employment under the Government. The civil service, they complain, is used simply to reward supporters of the Serbian Government. It is true that the upper ranks of the army and of the diplomatic service are purely Serbian (there is but one Croat general, and there are very few Croat officers of the rank of major and above). The administration is declared to be shockingly corrupt.

"Belgrade," one prominent partisan in Zagreb put it to me, "is the only city in the world which is being built by government servants. In other countries it is the captains of industry and commerce who accumulate wealth and put up fine houses; Belgrade is being built by the bureaucracy on baksheesh."

I would make it clear that in setting forth these charges I am not myself bringing them, but merely trying to indicate the state of mind in Croatia. Like the Rumanians of the new provinces, the Croats are in revolt against what they call "Orientalism," baksheesh, the heritage of the Turk. They insist that centuries of association with the West have left them free from this taint. They declare that the present intimate association between themselves and the Serbs of the Old Kingdom must come to an end: "East is East and West is West, and though the twain may meet in a central parliament and a common dynasty, they must have separate administrations and separate local parliaments." They complain of the low value set on human life in Serbia. By way of example, they quoted to me the fact that during the past ten years twenty-seven parish priests have for one reason or another been murdered by their parishioners in Serbia.

"The Serbs may be quite right," a Croat said, "in their contempt for human life, which, one may fairly say, decreases in value as one goes East from Susak (Trieste) and, starting at ten dinar (sixteen cents), would be worth half a dinar at the Bulgarian frontier and nothing at all on the other side of it. It is certainly not mere cruelty, for the taker of human life sets no value whatever on his own. He takes life perfectly casually, yet in accordance with very strict codes of his own. Within his own house, you may insult him from dawn until sunset without provoking him; he will merely let the daylight into you as you step outside the door. We do not attack the code or its exponents; it makes for virility. But we have been Westernized, civilized, and are consequently softer. The Serbs are our blood-brothers, but they have been brought up by such different foster-parents that although we intend to continue always to share our common house with them, for the present at least we must insist on separate bedrooms."

The Zagreb dissidents number 87 members of Parliament who refuse to return to the Skupshtina "until it has been purged of the blood of June 20." They consist of 22 Independent Democrats (Pribichevists)—4 Slovenes, 6 Croats, and 12 Serbs—and 63 members of the Peasant Party (Radichists). In Belgrade the Government consists of 110 Radicals, 21 Slovene Clericals, 61 Democrats, and 18 Bosnian Moslems. There is a small opposition (9 Agrarians, 1 Socialist, and 6 German Minority members) which remained in the Chamber after the secession of the Peasant-Democratic coalition.

Of the leaders Pribichevich is the most striking figure—he looks thirty, though he is far more, but he has all the fire and energy of that age. In Zagreb his bodyguard of

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three goes everywhere with him lest he share the fate of Radich, and nobody believes that even this precaution would avail him in Belgrade. The leadership of the coalition must nominally at least remain in the hands of a Croat, and Pribichevich is a Croatian Serb. He denied to me that he had any intention of trying to secure anything more than the joint leadership which was his when Radich was alive. Dr. Vlado Matshek, Radich's successor at the head of the Croat Peasant Party and Pribichevich's co-leader, has not the personality of his predecessor or of his present colleague, but he is not likely for that reason to act as a check on the temperamental Pribichevich; on the contrary, competition may develop as to who can be most extreme. Dr. Trumbich, the Federalist leader, is an older man, and the most doctrinaire of the triumvirate, but even he has no moderating influence partly because he is not one of the two "co-presidents" of the coalition.

IV

What does Belgrade propose to do in face of this perilous situation? At the moment of writing, nothing. It is inclined to follow the tactics of the Liberals of Rumania, which have left that country in such a parlous state, and act as though the political strike of what is admittedly two-fifths, and probably a good deal more than three-fifths of the nation were of no consequence. The cynical view taken in Belgrade is that the Croat secession is largely an affair of disappointed personal ambition, and that sooner or later it will be a simple matter to buy off one group or another—if personal jealousy and differences between Croats and Croatian Serbs do not lead to an early break-up of the new front—with an offer of ministerial portfolios. Personal politics do and always will play a particularly prominent role in the Balkans, but I believe that the Belgrade view is very wide of the truth. The important factor is that the Croat *peasantry* has been stirred to the core by the death of Radich, its uncrowned king. "The peasants really care little for politics, so long as the crops are good—and they are quite sound this year," they say in Belgrade. It is true, but Radich was not politics. He was a religion, and has already become a great legendary figure, canonized by the most fanatically devout element in any country—the imagination of the peasantry.

The policy of waiting for internal dissensions to split the ranks of the Peasant-Democratic coalition which Belgrade professes to be adopting is fraught with grave dangers. At any moment the leaders in Zagreb may be forced by an impatient following to recommend a general refusal to pay taxes—advice which, if widely accepted, would certainly cripple the finances of the country, but, what is more serious, would force the Belgrade Government to arrest the Croat leaders. The consequences of such a step cannot be foreseen. To reply to the demand of the Croats for a revision of the constitution as Belgrade does, "Let the malcontent members first return to the Skupshtina and persuade enough of its members of the necessity of such a course to obtain the three-fifths majority required under Article 12 of the constitution, and the thing will be done," is to trifle with a grave situation.

Exceptional cases demand exceptional measures, and the assassination of three members of Parliament on the floor of the House by a political opponent is exceptional even in the Balkans. On a great and contented Jugoslavia all hopes of Balkan peace rest. The country has on paper a sound democratic constitution and, in fact, a healthy population with admirable, if in some parts primitive, qualities. But there is need to go right back to 1918 and make a fresh start on a basis of local autonomy. Decentralization is the key to real unity in all the "new" states—a unity built up from below, not imposed from above. Czecho-Slovakia has realized this, and is prospering and progressing in consequence. Rumania declines to see it and is consequently paralyzed by dissension. Jugoslavia is now at the cross-roads, about to make her choice.

Mexican Messiahs

By ANITA BRENNER

I

THERE is a prophecy now current in Mexico which is said to be very old: "The ancient people shall have their ancient rights . . . when the chief temple of the Aztecs, bearing upon it the sun, appears in the principal plaza of the city of Tenochtitlan." In August, 1926, during the course of restoration and repair of the National Palace, in the main plaza of Mexico City, once Tenochtitlan, a monolith was brought to light. It is a reproduction of the chief temple of the Aztecs, with the sign symbolic of the sun carved on its surface. This is a curious piece of lore for 1926, but Mexico is a peculiar place. Prophecies and messiahs are still a habit of the country.

Frequently in ancient times the gods took the form of a savior, though they might be embodied simultaneously in mountains, rivers, trees, rain, animals, and certain men. The perennially youthful Tezcatlipoca yearly was honored in the living body of a young man, who at the end of this time died in order to nourish the sun, which could thereby live and make the next year's crops spring up again. Thus the Mexican messiah traditionally is an embodiment of deity; like the gods, he has various names and forms. But always it is the same messiah. He takes upon himself the people's burden; always he must die, and always he returns.

In Mexican mood the messiah is accompanied by disaster: an earthquake, a conquest, a revolution; death and pain. Therefore all the prophecies which promise restoration are complemented by announcements of catastrophe. The Aztecs believed that the white and bearded god Quetzalcoatl would come back bringing peace and happy days. At the same time that his return was foretold, the Emperor Moctezuma was warned that the end of his own reign was near. Earthquakes, signs in the heavens, omens of animals, and other communications to the court previous to the arrival of the Spaniards were so well timed, it is said, that when Cortés, white and bearded, arrived, apparently materializing the mythical and really un-Aztec form of Quetzalcoatl, Moctezuma's messengers were waiting to receive him. The brother of the emperor, sensing disaster, advised him: "Don't let into your house him who

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may turn you out of it"; but Moctezuma himself, certain that this was inevitable, received Cortés with courtesy though with dread; accepting his personal misfortune for the sake of the other half of the prophecy.

In Mexico there is still a good deal of faith in prophecies, perhaps because so many of them have come true. They circulate among the otherwise inarticulate, by word of mouth, in ballads, hymns, penny broadsides, by gesture almost. One hardly knows how, but the feeling is there. Sooner or later the mountains and the skies produce corroboration, and there may be some special disaster to mark more definitely the time for the appearance of a messiah. Frequently since Moctezuma the rulers have been warned beforehand of their death; frequently peasants have appeared who "walk about in the fields attending to the crops and other matters of the people's welfare," according to native account; frequently it is repeated that "the old gods sleep in the mountains; but some day they will awake, and shake, and then the people will no longer carry burdens on their backs." It is always the same prophecy, always the same messiah, always the same mood. A Mexican epigram puts it: "When all goes badly, all goes well."

II

In the years when the revolution of 1910 was brewing, and just before the pot boiled over, although the government did not know it, the people spoke among themselves of what was soon to come. I remember being held up above a mob to watch the great glare of a comet in the sky, and the old woman who held me said: "It means war, death, misery, hunger, and disease." Soon after that it rained ashes for a night and a day from a distant erupting volcano. The people said: "After this it will rain blood."

When Madero, political head of the turmoil that followed, rode triumphant into the capital, he was greeted by a wildly enthusiastic mob, black on the roofs and jammed in the windows. But that same day an earthquake in the city split a big building in half. It was said, and Madero knew it, that he was soon to die. Recently when Obregon, also a successful candidate, arrived in the capital, a large and cheering crowd awaited him. Likewise he was greeted by a shake, the biggest since Madero, of the "big brothers" who usually sleep so quietly, their peaked hats down over their eyes. People now say that, except for the date and the manner, his death was known in advance.

Indeed, it was sung in advance, for the ballads that sing of a hero, dead or alive, always mention his sad end. Those that speak of a messiah always include his return. These songs are numerous and are always appropriate though the messiah may be dead. Here is a fragment of a ballad sung originally about Zapata, who, with his brutal, passionate peasant troop clamoring for its ancient lands, was in the vanguard of the struggle that began in 1910:

Zapata fought for Madero, and helped his plans to succeed
So that then little by little they could fulfil his ideas.
They won a great victory, after they had fought a while,
And all of the troops then marched into the capital. . . .

Precisely then, however, Zapata said to Madero: "Take care you do not betray me; for if you do, you shall die." The ballad continues:

Time passed and Zapata waited for the promise that was made.
Of promise and promised lands no longer a word was said.
Waiting for what never happened, seeing the last hope fail,
Zapata rose up in arms at the Hill of the Nightingale.
If Madero has forgotten and has furled the glorious banner
Though my life be the price of it I'll make good my Plan de Ayala.
These were the words of Zapata: Lands and liberty for all!
And through the state of Morelos many men came to his call.

Said Zapata: "I must burn and destroy, so that they will know we are here and to be reckoned with; otherwise they will give us nothing but words. Therefore while I live I shall cause much pain, and I shall be persecuted; but I shall die, and then they will do me honor." He proved a true prophet. The ballad goes on:

The hero and spartan Zapata was the victim of much slander
And many people have judged him as a man without a standard. . . .
If I molested my hearers while I was singing this song
Let me beg to be forgiven as I intended no wrong;
My only wish is to crown with narcissus and sweet laurel
The great Emiliano Zapata, loved by the poor and humble.

He was killed just before Obregon became President for his first term after Carranza. The troubadours sang, as they have been singing ever since:

But his soul has not forgotten
His ideal of liberty,
His ghost is forever haunting
All the fields until they're free.

Some say that he is not dead at all, but lives in a volcano; that he will return and will not rest "until the ancient people shall have their ancient rights."

III

In the meantime a messiah, embodiment of the gods, has again appeared. About the time Obregon began his last campaign there came out of the mountains of the north an Indian who takes upon himself another national burden. He is a healer known only by his assumed name, Fidencio Constantino, called Niño. A city has grown up in the desert around him on the estate of a German who is said to have been the first to benefit by Fidencio's powers. It is a city of beggars—for sight, for speech, for movement, for life. It is called the Place of Pain.

The constantly changing inhabitants of this famous place (lepers, paralytics, consumptives, the blind, the lame, the mad) are estimated by the thousand. First came the poorest; later, special trains brought failing landed gentlemen and pious ladies; and finally, so goes the story, lawyers, doctors, generals, the President, and priests. The richest live in shacks in a special residential section, the prosperous in tents, the poorest under the sky. Fidencio lives in a hut to which come, in rigid turn, rich and poor alike. He has, say all reports, "refused large sums for preference; to him, all these people are merely sick human beings who have need of health at his hands."

Fidencio is described by a newspaper reporter as "a youth of about thirty, of simple aspect, medium height, dark-skinned. . . . Wears an ordinary pair of trousers, a sweater or workman's jacket, and a cap. . . . His face, with high cheek-bones and full lips, has an unmistakably Indian expression. His dark eyes have a certain taciturn shadow . . . but grow alive when he faces the multitude which worships him."

Anonymous accounts say Fidencio is "clairvoyant,"

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and "even knows when the hopeless cases will die," and tells them so. According to both the doctor and the priest, he "possesses a remarkable gift of diagnosis. By feeling the pulse, or the spinal column, or sometimes by simply looking at the patient, he finds the causes of the disease. Fidencio's surgical outfit "consists of a pair of automobile pliers for extracting teeth, and some pieces of glass which he uses as scalpels. . . . It is extraordinary that though he may scrape to the bone without anaesthetic, the patients feel no pain, and there is no hemorrhage. . . . He takes not the least aseptic precaution, but the wounds heal and scar well."

His most famous method is a swing, in which he places most cases of paralysis, blindness, "hysteria," and lunacy. He sways the sufferer gently, croons, murmurs, massages, then suddenly "with a quick, brusque movement, or an unexpected pull of the arms and legs, peremptorily demands: 'You will get well, go on, walk; you are better now. See?'" A certain *cargador*, or pack-carrier, who had been stricken with paralysis, was cured thus: "One day, while out in the road, Fidencio came upon him suddenly, and said: 'I am tired. Carry me.' Before he knew it, the man had taken the Niño upon his shoulders and walked into the town."

The favorite cure, however, is a brew kept boiling in a great container filled constantly by a flowing stream. Here are thrown the gifts brought to the Niño—fruit, flowers, chocolates, all kinds of herbs. His helpers, people cured by him, distribute this medicine to the crowd, "many of whom, by its means only, are made well . . . others simply by touching or partaking of the fruit, eggs, water, flowers, which Fidencio gives out to the people, to quiet them while they wait their turn. . . ." Says Fidencio, "I asked God for power to alleviate pain and cure the sick by means of a medicine at hand, and therefore I am as well served by an orange, an apple, or a salve, for any ill; because each is a medicine given by God."

The successes of the Niño Milagroso—the Miraculous Child—are ascribed to suggestion, hypnotism, and "magnetism" by the newspaper reporters, the lawyers, the doctor, and the priest. Some of the troubadours say that it is due to the songs he sings. His special song is about and to a "Blue Lily of the Mountain," and is considered a magic chant. It is a song of love and can, they say, make death easier, and quiet any pain.

But many of the humble folk say that he heals because of the Place of Pain itself. It is feared that if he leaves it, he will lose his power, and therefore they come to him. The tree under which he wept and prayed "is said by many to be the source, and is worshiped . . . as miraculous . . . by the humble people. Even ladies of some position kneel before its ancient trunk, upon which have been hung silver ex-votos. . . . Night and day, torches and candles brought by the faithful burn around it. . . ."

Again a messiah has coincided with national distress; again he has taken upon himself a national task; and again he and the people assume that he must die. For on one point only do all who have any concern with Fidencio agree, and that is that he has not long to live. Some say weeks, some say months. Fidencio says two years.

Back from Carcassonne

By MALVINA LINDSAY

THE American populace, which has been in a state of flux the last few months, is jellying down for the winter. The vacationists have returned. Darkened houses have been flung open to the sunlight, accumulations of newspapers and milk bottles have disappeared from front yards and back porches, and family cats once more are eating out of their home platters.

Every Pullman has been jammed with tourists; every highway dotted black with motor cars. Even on foot the hikers in knickerbockers have struggled back under the weight of knapsacks laden with souvenirs. There was nobody who did not have a vacation, from the wash-woman who went out to the Salvation Army camp to the overworked capitalist who ran up to the North woods for a couple of days' hunting and fishing.

In this country the idea of vacation is synonymous with movement, with travel. Perhaps the inheritance of a nomadic instinct from ancestors who explored the wilderness, who adventured in a new land, is responsible. Perhaps the restless energy of a people seeking an escape from themselves has brought this about. "Anything to get away for awhile" is the universal expression of those who count the days until vacation time arrives.

The development of cheap motor cars has quickened the vacation impulse. It has made the grandeur of the Rockies, the bustle of Chicago, the roar of the Atlantic and the Pacific realities to every citizen who can afford the price of a few hundred gallons of gasoline and the depreciation loss on a Ford. Railroad excursions also have given impetus to vacation movement. There is not a stenographer or upper-grade saleswoman, not a clothing-store clerk or gas-company bookkeeper who did not have a week at a "resort" or a ride on the boat from Chicago to Buffalo or who did not go with a lodge convention to Los Angeles or Atlantic City. There is no bridge addict who, worn out with the winter's labors, did not seek relaxation in the circle tour of the Northwest or take the southern route to California via the Grand Canyon or spend a couple of weeks viewing the Woolworth Building and Coney Island.

Optimistic sociologists might see in this travel mania many hopeful signs. It might betoken the germination of a universal brotherhood, a parliament of nations, a federation of mankind. It might mean the passing of provincialism and the dawn of a Utopian era of tolerance. Above all, it might constitute a stimulus to civilization by quickening the mind and spirit of the individual.

But does it? Let us listen briefly to some of these returning travelers in their Pullman sections, in their Fords, or even on the hotel verandas in the towns where they have stopped for gasoline and baths. Let us see what they have brought back from their journeyings to Carcassonne.

Brown and his wife have just "done" California. So have Jones and Mrs. Jones. Bored with the desert scenery, they scrape up acquaintanceship over a Pullman card game.

"Well, it's a great country if you've got plenty of money," volunteers Jones.

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"Yes," Brown agrees. "You couldn't give me Frisco though. Now Los is a good town."

"Still, they got some mighty fine hotels in Frisco," says Jones. "What was that big one there, oh, the one where Fatty Arbuckle got in that mix-up?"

"The St. Francis," supplies Brown. "Speaking of hotels now . . ."

"I think the Broadmour at Colorado Springs is nice," Mrs. Brown interposes. "It cost one and a half million dollars, the guide said."

"Well, I like the stores in San Francisco best, anyway," contributes Mrs. Jones. "You can buy things cheaper there than you can in Indianapolis."

"Oh, if you're coming to stores," declares Brown authoritatively, "there's only one store in the country. That's Marshall Field's."

"I don't like Chicago," retorts Mrs. Jones. "It was so dirty there I had to have a shampoo twice a week."

"I know," says Mrs. Brown sympathetically. "And it was so damp when we were there I had to have a permanent wave in the winter, mind you!"

A train guide interrupts with the announcement that the train is approaching the Royal Gorge and that those who want tickets for the special attached observation car and also smoked spectacles should buy them now.

"We've seen the Royal Gorge," says Mrs. Jones. "We saw it on the way out. If you folks want to go through . . ."

The Browns rise. "I guess we'd better," says Brown. "We haven't missed anything yet. We took in the Grand Canyon going out."

"How did you like it?" inquires Jones, shuffling the cards.

"Oh, it was wonderful, of course," Mrs. Brown answers. "Only I was a little disappointed in it."

"Over-press-agented," explains Brown. "All those things are over-press-agented by the railroads. Well, see you later."

The train begins its approach into the majestic ramparts of the Arkansas.

"I bid six of diamonds," says Mrs. Jones.

East of Denver, the Pullmans are even more crowded. And the dusty highways of Kansas are specked with a never-ending caravan of eastward-bound motor cars. A middle-aged couple, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild, sit in the hotel lobby at Topeka, Kansas, recuperating for the next stretch of their journey back to St. Louis.

"Yes, we wanted Junior to see the mountains," the grandmother is explaining to a casual acquaintance. "Come here, Junior. Tell grandma what you saw in Denver."

"Big gol' ball," replies Junior dutifully.

"He means the gold dome on the capitol building. It cost $35,000, the guide said. Did you ever see Lucky Baldwin's home there? He has his iron gates even tipped with gold. Tell grandma what else you saw, Junior."

"Buffoo Bill," answers Junior.

"He means Buffalo Bill's grave. It's on top of Lookout Mountain. It cost $30,000 a mile to build the road up the mountain to the grave, the guide said. Tell the lady something else you saw, Junior."

"Injuns," says Junior.

"He means the little Indian suit we bought him at a curio store in Manitou. He was so crazy about it he just would wear it up Pike's Peak."

"I was up Mt. Lowe in California," boasts the casual acquaintance.

"Well, Pike's Peak is lots higher, it's—how high is Pike's Peak, Elsie? I have it written down somewhere."

"It's 14,109 feet," replies Elsie promptly. "But, mother, Jim was up Long's Peak, you know, and it's 14,255 feet."

"Well, Pike's Peak is high enough for me. There was a man had a heart attack up there. He almost died. Did you see the Garden of the Gods? It's nice too. And so is the Cave of the Winds."

Elsie, giggling in reminiscence, interposes eagerly: "There's a room in the cave where every woman that's an old maid has to leave a hairpin. There must be ten million hairpins there. I didn't know there ever had been so many old maids—yes, Jim, we'll be ready in a minute. Hurry up, Junior, or papa'll be mad."

In Chicago the bus drivers are loading up their passengers at what they call the "Mu-ni-CIP-al Wharf." One of the big boats that has completed the eight-day excursion trip to Buffalo and return has just docked. Ruby and Bess, chic stenographers from Kansas City, have exchanged farewells and addresses with two clothing-store salesmen from Omaha and are escorted to a waiting bus by Cousin Mabel with whom they will spend a few days in Chicago.

Cousin Mabel's first question is a blanket order. "Well, and what did you think of it?" she asks.

"It was wonderful," says Ruby. "I never ate so much in my life. They have simply wonderful meals on the boat. And the salt breeze makes you so hungry. The scenery was wonderful, too."

"And such a keen orchestra," adds Bess. "We met loads of nice people."

"What did you think of Niagara Falls?" Cousin Mabel is persistent.

"Simply wonderful!" exclaims Ruby. "But I was a little disappointed in them. I thought they would be bigger."

"We had a nice ride in Detroit though," observes Bess. "We saw Henry Ford's home. And the place where they make Packards. But their Belle Isle Park isn't as big as our Swope Park at home."

"I was crazy about the dances on the boat," says Ruby. "I met a fellow that—Oh, Cousin Mabel, let's get off here. We can check our baggage some place. I want to look at some little fall dresses while I'm downtown. They say you can buy them cheaper here than you can in Kansas City."

So they return, the nomads who went a-gipsying so blithely, each in search of some intangible golden fleece. They have not come back empty-handed. There is a paper weight with a picture of Seven Falls for Uncle Horace. There are eucalyptus portieres from California for Aunt Lucy, starfish galore for Cousin Ella's book-case, pine cones from Packinac, sea shells from San Pedro, and petrified rock from the forests of Arizona for the children, New York hose and handkerchiefs for the flapper, an alligator's tooth from Florida for the baby, and an ivory back-scratcher from Chinatown for grandfather.

Their grips are full of gifts for others. But for themselves they have brought back nothing. For it is one of the ordinances of Carcassonne that those who take no offerings thither carry none away.

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In the Driftway

PERSONS who deal directly with the forces of nature are likely to be at once humble and cynical. Thus sailors go on deck in howling wind and beating rain, only rarely grumbling at their fate. Thus, the Drifter's farmer neighbors, in a wet summer, try day after day to get in the hay and when their day's work is rewarded with a thunder shower they only shrug their shoulders and say: "Well, maybe tomorrow will be dry," in a tone that indicates they do not at all believe it will. Gardeners, fighting mildew and worm, bug and weed, learn the same sort of fatalism. "The cucumbers are all eaten up. All right, we'll eat cabbage." "Too cold for lima beans this year. Well, we had a nice crop of peas." These remarks the Drifter hears every year, and on every hand. There is no use quarreling with the weather or with the pests that make the farmer's life more onerous than it otherwise would be. In a sense all gardens are perennial. There is a dreadful immortality in the earth. Neglect to plant your patch to corn, and weeds will take every inch of it.

* * * * *

THE Drifter regards the lilies that surround his summer quarters with a sour eye. Now they are dead stalks; a month ago they were rich with blossoms. Before that they were young shoots breaking the ground. Yet whether in flower or fruit, whether dry branch or opening bud, they contain within themselves an energy to think about which makes him dizzy. Why do they not bloom as well in March? Why does the exact cycle of life and death take place so regularly? Superficially he knows why. He knows, that is, that frost will do one thing to them and sun another; that rain and drought affect them differently. Yet even allowing for these variations, they behave in a disconcertingly constant manner. Each year they begin to bloom on almost the same day; on almost the same day they drop their last petals and are done. So with the maples on the grass, so with the luxurious rhubarb in the garden. The invisible fire in them makes him acutely uncomfortable.

* * * * *

WHEN he can forget for a moment the urge to life in the plants around him, there is no plant more pleasant to contemplate than the same rhubarb. It requires no planting, it disdains cultivation. Under its dense shade no weed can hope to sprout. Week after week it sends up new shoots, rosy and slender. The young stalks are as succulent in September as they are in May. An admirable plant, rhubarb. What a pity that some of its sturdy independence could not have been communicated to the pea, which would then require no brush to cling to; to the corn, which crows would then leave alone. Only one thing stands in the way of a whole garden full of rhubarb alone. It is inevitable, by the law of averages, that even the noble rhubarb plant should have one drawback for the Drifter. He admires it; he respects it; he would not be without it. But on no account will he bring himself to eat it. It makes his teeth ache; it hurts his tongue; it sends its sour pungency into his bones and shakes them from their fastenings. Let those who like rhubarb eat it as well as admire it from afar. For the Drifter it has aesthetic and moral values only.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Is Blasphemy?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a postcript on the blasphemy charge against Dr. Horace M. Kallen the following is apt. In his statement withdrawing the arrest warrant for Dr. Kallen Municipal Judge Michael J. Murray said: "The language employed may have been used inadvertently in the heat of an earnest argument." The language referred to was that part of Dr. Kallen's speech at the Boston Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting in which he said: "If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, Jesus Christ was an anarchist. . . ."

Upon reading Judge Murray's statement Dr. Kallen immediately wired me the following comment *which no newspaper in Boston would print:* "I made the reference to Jesus intentionally with premeditated purpose. I see a resemblance between His story and that of Sacco and Vanzetti. If I had associated His name with Lowell, Thayer, or Fuller, that might have been blasphemy."

Boston, Mass., September 4 GARDNER JACKSON

Outspoken or Naive?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to congratulate you for speaking out in your editorial Al Smith Speaks Out.

San Francisco, August 30 CHARLES E. TALLMADGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was in the Middle West campaigning with Norman Thomas when your amazingly naive editorial on the Al Smith acceptance speech arrived.

So fantastic had the campaign of the two old parties become that it seemed impossible to add anything to the political crazy-quilt of 1928. In the South we found Democrats solemnly assuring their rebellious and Dry rank and file that the Democratic Party was the only party of real enforcement and to wait until they heard Robinson skin the Wets alive. In Wisconsin we found the Democrats suddenly emerging from their cellars after years of exile, revivified by a $150,000 campaign fund, assuring Socialist and Republican Wets that the Democratic Party would kick enforcement into the lake. We found Smith congratulating the Dry, Hay of Missouri, on his victory over the Wets; we read that "labor leaders" were rallying to the standards of open-shop Raskob, and that "progressives" were leaping aboard the Hoover band-wagon. But with all this we had not stretched our imagination to the point where we could picture *The Nation* saying: "If Al Smith continues to speak out with that frank clarity of utterance he will win the support of most of the five million voters who supported La Follette in 1924."

To be sure this sort of thing affords the blessed opportunity for rationalization of their desertion of all fundamentally democratic and progressive principles to a certain group of tired radicals—the depressing dregs of the La Follette movement. But since when has *The Nation* seen fit to comfort this flabby outfit?

Have real progressives become so desperate that the wariest gesture toward liberalism will bring them a-running? I think not. Out where we were they heard and read the Smith speech with their tongues very much in their cheeks, remembering the preelection speeches of another Democratic warrior, not so happy as Smith perhaps but surely speaking "large, divine, and comfortable words" that make Al's pious protestations sound like the feeblest "good government" goo. And they

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remember what happened to liberalism after Wilson got in his licks. No, progressives are notoriously simple-minded folk, but it takes more than one or two speeches to convince them that the Du Ponts and the Raskobs and the Southern industrialists won't have something to say about water-power in the event of some miracle that will land Smith in the White House. They may be simple, but they are not so simple as to believe that Smith's imperialism will be any improvement upon Wilson's, which he praises, or that Al will do anything more about injunctions in the White House than he has done in the past years up in Albany.

All that the Smith speech succeeded in doing in the erstwhile progressive parts through which we traveled was to persuade progressives that Al is still strong for liquor. And so far as we could observe, no one fell off his chair on the receipt of that information.

Let's pretend that it was the hot weather or sun spots or the general contagion of political gagaism that hit *The Nation* when it printed that Al Smith Speaks Out thing.

New York City, August 26 MCALISTER COLEMAN

Communism in China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. Buck's article, Communism in China, in *The Nation* for July 25, includes, it seems to me, many misleading generalizations. The word communism is a very elusive term, and I fear that in her desire to prove the antiquity and universality of communism in China she has tried to prove too much. In what sense can the Hung Ch'iang Hui, or Red Spear Society, be labeled "communistic"? It has never had as one of its ends the common ownership of anything; it is an organization composed of the young sons of local farmers to suppress soldiers who have turned bandits. If "communistic" means to have a common aim, then all the societies of the world will have to be so labeled. Nor is it correct to say that the Red Spears are "an ancient society now rising with fresh strength in many parts of China." They were certainly not known until eight or ten years ago, and their activities have been unknown outside the provinces of Honan and Shantung.

My experience of ten years in a remote, interior province, in close daily contact with the common people, and five other years in the coast cities, would never prompt me to say that the Chinese people have "almost universal sympathy toward bandits"; that they have a "habit of mind which sees no wrong in using force to seek redress for individual grievances against society, or in forcing the rich to give up their possessions on demand"; or that throughout the course of their history "they needed no one to teach them to kill ruthlessly for what they wanted." My observation is that in normal times and under normal conditions (and there have been such) the Chinese of every class gain most of their ends by moral suasion and by pressure of public opinion rather than by force, which they have been taught to despise and which they employ only as a last resort. There are even today provinces in China in which murder is rarer than in equally populated states of the West, where missionary women travel alone night and day for months on end without harm or molestation. This is not true at all times nor in all parts of the country, but it has been true of Shansi province during the past fifteen years.

Is it true that "It has been the ideal of the rich man in China to spend his entire time in the pursuit of pleasure"? I doubt it. Certainly not pleasure in the sense which that word conveys to Westerners. The Chinese man of wealth indulges in no grosser vices than men of wealth anywhere, and by virtue of the national temperament such pleasures as he does enjoy are apt to take milder forms than those known to the West. However inadvisedly he may spend his money, it cannot be said of him that he gets it or uses it in order to exercise control over others. After he has made his pile he more commonly than not retires to his obscure home in the ancestral village, collects a library, fills his rooms with works of antiquity, engages a teacher for his sons, and lives a quiet life of *otium cum dignitate*. This form of pleasure may not put food into the mouths of the poor; but it does not despoil them, nor does it take from them what is more precious even than much food, their innate self-respect. This native self-assertion and self-respect which, in Mrs. Buck's own words, "makes every coolie feel himself a potential president" is one of the greatest traits of the Chinese people and is not something to be suppressed.

And shall we believe that "thousands of years before Christ there was a division of land which allowed for one-ninth of the total area being worked in common"? As a matter of fact no one knows what happened in China "thousands of years before Christ." The most careful writers on Chinese history agree that the earliest verifiable date in Chinese history is 841 B.C., and that the oldest extant writings, namely those on bone, do not go back beyond 1200 B.C. Dr. Hu Shih has in the late years amply proved that this idea of an ancient communism in China had its origin in an almost unintelligible passage in Mencius which was written not earlier than the fourth century before Christ. The obscure ideas of Mencius were highly amplified in the Chou-li, and so became a part of Chinese mythology.

Washington, D. C., July 25 ARTHUR W. HUMMEL,
Curator of the Chinese Collection,
Library of Congress

New Mexico and Yale

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You quoted an editorial I wrote in the New Mexico State College students' paper in one of your issues. Your point was that military men are subtle in addition to being astute. But the students here resent your editorial, which I reprinted. The two schools were unjustly compared, and the contrast was misleading. You stated that nine dollars a month and a thirty-six dollar uniform might be sufficient bait to make New Mexicans take military science, but that students of Yale must have "polo ponies" and "snappy tailor-made officers' outfits." The two schools are not in the same class. At State College, New Mexico, military training is compulsory in freshman and sophomore years; at Yale it is not. Most artillery or cavalry units have polo grounds. The small State College of New Mexico has an infantry unit; Yale an artillery unit. But Yale students receive no more money than do New Mexico students. Nor do they get much better uniforms unless they pay extra from their own pockets, as do the New Mexico students. New Mexico's officers are as snappily attired as are Yale's.

Las Cruces, N. M., August 28 CHARLES P. LOOMIS

Commercial Humor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You deplore the action of the Seattle School Board in enjoining its high-school teachers from membership in a union. Now the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle passed two sets of resolutions, one indorsing the action of the school board in prohibiting membership in a union to its teachers, the other urging the teachers' union to win the next annual convention of the national union for Seattle! When asked the reasons for this action the general manager of the chamber issued this written statement: "Although we are always willing to supply information to inquiring friends, it would be impracticable to attempt to explain the 'reasons, motives, and principles' which influenced the trustees of this chamber in any action."

Watsonville, Cal., September 1 JULIA N. BUDLONG

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Books and Plays

Two California Poems

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

Summer's End

The sound of summer slipping from the trees
Is scarcely heard in this bright land.
The heavy fig-leaves falling to the ground
Make a nearly summerless and yellow sound,
But the pearly fig-tree with its linnets
Soft as roses on the marble twig,
Dismisses summer only to invite
A snowless winter to its arms of white.
And winter comes, with her unsleeping flowers—
Or is it spring, that flashes and is here?
Or is it both lie dreaming in one place
And rise bewildered, face to face?

The Owl

The sweet and ghostly laughter of the owl
Last night shook upward from the light bamboo.
The garden rose and trembled at the sound,
Suspended in enchantment and in dew.
What strange reversal of the blood and soul,
What dizzy floating upward from the earth,
When suddenly the darkness broke in two
Upon the honeyed edge of this soft mirth,
And in its wake a glint of mockery
Unbearable to hearts worn out with prayer.
For man, asleep, still labors over fears
The dreamless owl abandons to the air.

Down in the Long Grass

By DOROTHY LEONARD

Down in the long grass little girls
Remember dandelion curls;
Making a face at bitter milk,
Each mystically twirls and twirls

Till her Ionic capital
Is finished for its fairy hall.
They link together a great chain
That will not bear its weight at all

And leave it where it fell in two,
Snatching hollow stems to boo
As little bleating bands of boys
On midnight of Election do.

How can a child come home explain
The *carpe diem* of a chain
Or nod a head in silver curls,
Undone by dandelion stain?

Case Studies in Our Imperialism

The Americans in Santo Domingo. By Melvin M. Knight. The Vanguard Press. $1.

Our Cuban Colony. By Leland H. Jenks. The Vanguard Press. $1.

The Bankers in Bolivia. By Margaret A. Marsh. The Vanguard Press. $1.

AUTHORITATIVE investigation into the tangled nature of our relationships with the economies and politics of the Central-American and Caribbean republics has long been needed. This need the American Fund for Public Service undertook to meet in part by inviting researches, under the general editorship of Harry Elmer Barnes, into American dealings in Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Bolivia; and these three volumes are the fruits of the venture.

Dr. Jenks's interesting study points out how after our intervention in 1906 we broadened our interpretation of the Platt Amendment in a similar manner to that by which Roosevelt had extended the Monroe Doctrine—namely, by invoking the principle of "preventive intervention." Our State Department proceeded on the assumption that if we were privileged to intervene in order to maintain a government "adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," we were also privileged to influence Cuban internal policy so as to eliminate any necessity for military intervention. Dr. Jenks believes that this policy was followed from 1909, when our second occupation of the island was terminated, to 1923, but that since then Cuba has been given relative freedom in her internal political affairs. Americans have, however, so come to control the sugar industry of the country that a business-man's government such as that of Machado has necessarily been satisfactory to our business interests and hence has made even "preventive intervention" unnecessary.

One of the most interesting features of Dr. Jenks's book is his history of the Cuban sugar industry and its relation to the tariff policy of the United States. The industry owes a great deal of its development to the preferential rates on Cuban sugar which were granted by the Reciprocity Agreement of 1903. The beet-sugar producers naturally fought against this concession, as they have against any idea of annexation. In 1921, however, they were victorious in securing a 33 per cent increase in the sugar duties. A graphic description is given of the dance of the millions in 1919-1920 when sugar rose from 7 cents in the New York market to 22.5 cents in May, 1920, only to fall back to 3.7 cents by the middle of December. This extraordinary rise and fall led to such speculative over-investment in the upswing and such ruinous deflation subsequently that the most important banks collapsed and General Crowder became director of Cuban policies during the next three years.

Dr. Knight's volume suffers from being an abridgment of a two-volume manuscript which he originally prepared. This, together with his very evident desire to cultivate a preciosity of style and his apparent determination never to explain a situation directly which can be treated allusively, makes it extremely difficult to follow all the threads of the Dominican narrative. But they can with care be traced. The claims of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company and of French, Italian, and British creditors gave Roosevelt his excuse in 1905 for putting pressure on Santo Domingo to agree to an American receivership in order to avert the financial partition of the country between the European claimants. When the Senate refused to ratify the Protocol, Roosevelt had the President of Santo Domingo put the agreement into effect by his own order. The convention of 1907 established an American receivership of the customs in order to guarantee payments on the public depart-

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ment. After the revolution of 1911-1912, the United States tried to broaden the convention by demanding control over the internal revenue and over all expenditures. The Dominican Congress came to believe in 1916 that President Jiminez, who had seized two members of the opposition, was secretly negotiating with the United States and finally started to impeach him. Jiminez thereupon marched on the capital. American troops were landed to support him and although he finally refused to utilize them, and instead resigned, they seized the capital and the other principal cities. We then tried to get the Dominican Congress to elect a pro-American President, but did not meet with the same success as in Haiti in the previous year. The government which was chosen refused to legalize by proclamation complete American control over their finances and police. We thereupon overthrew the Dominican government in November and set up a military regime in its stead.

During the six years of our occupation we did succeed in establishing a greater degree of internal order than had formerly obtained, but this was seriously marred by the brutalities and atrocities which such an occupation almost inevitably entails. We also built one main trunk highway for the Dominicans. The unfortunate speculations in 1920 of the military government in sugar and tobacco combined with the falling off of revenue caused the occupation to float the 1921 Speyer loan of $2,500,000. Dr. Knight's treatment of this is inadequate, but from an independent examination of the advertisements of the loan issued by the bankers it is apparent that the premium paid for redeeming the loan in the following year brought the actual rate of interest up to approximately 16 per cent. It would be most interesting to know whether the underwriting houses did actually distribute the loan to the public or retain so lucrative an investment for themselves.

Mrs. Marsh's little volume on the simpler situation in Bolivia is admirable in its unpretentious compactness. The author gives a clear picture of the geographic and racial aspects of the country and outlines with a firm hand the economic problems of tin mining and the railroads. The most interesting section of the book is that which discusses the $33,000,000 loan made to Bolivia by American bankers in 1922. She shows this to have been secured by prior liens on nearly two-thirds of the national revenue which, as is well known, it also called for the virtual control of the government's finances by a bankers' commission. Yet despite such strong security, Bolivia was obliged to pay an interest charge of 9 per cent. In addition she was not privileged to redeem any of the bonds before 1937 and then only in whole and not in part. If she redeems them prior to 1947, she must pay a thirteen-point premium over the price (92) which she received. Mrs. Marsh shows that these onerous terms were imposed because the Saavedra Government was not free to award the loan to higher bidders since it had only a year before given a three-year option on all foreign loans as a partial consideration for a million-dollar loan by Stifel-Nicolaus of Saint Louis. The 1922 loan seems only to have resulted in the building of 128 miles of rather poor tracks from Atroelra to Villazon at the high cost of $78,000 per mile, and in refunding the internal and external debt at a *higher* rate of interest. Against this, however, must be set the fact that some savings were apparently made in refunding the French loan because of the depreciation of the franc.

Mrs. Marsh correctly points out that thus far the whole affair is one between Bolivia and the bankers and that our government has not been embroiled. She raises the very interesting question, however, as to what our policy would or should be were Bolivia, because of a slump in the tin market or for some other reason, to default on the loan.

Taken as a whole, the contents of these three interesting monographs are not accurately described by the blurb on their jackets which represents the hapless inhabitants of these countries as being ground, with the active aid of our government, beneath the heels of the American financial juggernaut. That our government has most illegally stretched the meaning of the Platt amendment in Cuba and the 1907 convention with Santo Domingo must be evident. That our business interests have all too frequently driven hard bargains is abundantly illustrated in these studies. Our representatives have moreover frequently been incompetent and in some instances have used their influence to favor more than dubious claims and concessions.

But fairness requires that the other side of the shield be recognized as well. Where we have exercised financial control we have collected funds honestly and have sought to curb political graft. When we have exercised military control we have, despite all the atrocities, given the inhabitants relative immunity from banditry and revolutions. Certainly our military interventions in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua do not seem to have been dictated in the main by a desire to aid American financiers but rather to make our political influence predominant in the approaches to the Panama Canal. The desire to protect the canal by controlling contiguous or neighboring territory is, in the opinion of the reviewer, the predominant cause of our imperialistic policy in the Caribbean during the last twenty years, just as the desire to protect the Suez Canal has made Great Britain determined to preserve its hegemony in Egypt and in Asia Minor.

It is much to be hoped that the relative success of these studies may encourage investigations of our relations with the Central-American states, upon which a great deal of light remains to be thrown.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

The New Historical Novel

The Devil. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ALFRED NEUMANN is the third living German novelist of international importance to be recently introduced to America. "The Devil," which has achieved an enormous success on the Continent, is as brilliant a piece of work as "Power" and seems, on the whole, to be the production of a profounder and more complex mind. It should duplicate Feuchtwanger's triumph here, and, if it does, will owe that triumph not only to its own high qualities but to the masterly translation by Huntley Paterson.

The theme of "The Devil" is the almost occult relationship between a demoniacal monarch and his demoniacal familiar. The monarch is Louis XI of France; his familiar, conscience, and alter ego is Oliver Necker of Ghent, barber, diplomat, and genius—Machiavelli's prince minus the extraversion. From the point of view of the intrigue, whose complicated convolutions are handled with incredible skill by Neumann, Necker is simply the powerful, subtle agent of a highly modern king who is willing to employ the most relentless political methods to insure a united France. The intrigue itself is fascinating, but it is merely the skeleton of the story: it is where Scott would have stopped, and, in fact, did stop.

With admirable restraint that weakens only in the last fifty pages (which seem overly sentimental), Neumann deepens his book by the employment of a motif that reaches below and beyond the intrigue. This fundamental theme is mystic and metaphysical, gaining in strangeness from its realistic background of high diplomacy, the hypocrisies of courtiers, the movements of armies, the whole chess-board of fifteenth-century Europe. The author sets himself a difficult task in characterization. His two main characters are men in whom a supernal capacity for evil is so equally and intensely developed that they are deep affinities. Each is part of the soul of the other, each wages war within the other, and each, by virtue of the unique love which binds them together, rises, mystically, not morally, above the horror and tyranny of his external career. The subtle conflict is given concrete embodiment in the person of Oliver's beautiful wife, Anne, at once the object of Louis's

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lust and a constant reminder to him of his inability to possess her except in so far as his soul is also the soul of her husband. The whole conception has a German tenuous boldness that may not be entirely to the taste of an American audience which has cultivated easy cynicism to the point of degeneracy.

Feuchtwanger, Brod, and now Neumann give clear evidence of the fine and sweeping change that has overtaken the historical novel since the days of Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, and Auerbach. Not content merely with a more rigorous and conscientious historical realism, they have had the penetration to see that, for the purposes of fiction, there is no such thing as historical characters, but only characters. These characters are susceptible to the same profound presentation that is given to invented modern personages. The historical novelist today can no longer depend on the enchantment of distance or the glamor of royal gestures. He is psychologist, or nothing; and, as in the book under discussion, he may even be mystic. The standards have been raised and, it would seem, raised forever.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Irrepressible Conflict

John Brown's Body. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS poem is the most ambitious ever undertaken by an American on an American theme. Yet our judgments must be qualified: there is an important sense in which it is not ambitious enough. There is a sense in which its sole title to poetry is the fact that it is written in verse. It is a weakness of our publishing system that a piece of writing can seldom be sold to the public without having had a great many lies told about it; the author and his work, and the public, too, are put in a false position in which no one, spiritually, is profited. "John Brown's Body" has merit enough; it has hair-raising defects; and yet it deserves to be widely read and, within reason, praised. It is an interesting book, but it is not the kind of work that the public has been led to believe it is.

It has been called among other things an epic and it has been compared, not unfavorably, to the "Iliad." Mr. Benét himself has no such pretensions; he is modest, and persons who have not lost their heads over the poem should keep them in reviewing the nonsense that has been written about it, lest Mr. Benét be confounded with his prophets and unjustly blamed. The poem is not in any sense an epic; neither is it a philosophical vision of the Civil War; it is a loose, episodic narrative which unfolds a number of related themes in motion-picture flashes. In spite of some literary incompetence in the author and the lack of a controlling imagination, the story gathers suspense as it goes and often attains to power.

Many passages, particularly the lyrical commentaries scattered throughout, are so good that one suspects that the vicious writing, which is most of the poem, comes of too hasty composition. Perhaps Mr. Benét, like most Americans, is mysteriously betrayed into writing with his ear to the ground. It is not his fault; let us say it is the fault of the "system"; yet whoever may be at fault, the poem contains lines like these (which are not the worst):

> Now the scene expands, we must look at the scene as a whole.
> How are the gameboards chalked and the pieces set?

There are too many other lines quite as flat, and they are not all bad because Mr. Benét has a bad ear for verse; they are due, rather, to a lack of concentration in the grasp of the material. The transitions are often arbitrary or forced, and this blemish, which at first sight seems to be merely literary, really takes the measure of Mr. Benét's capacity as a "major poet."

For he does not see the Civil War as a whole. I do not mean that he has not visualized all the campaigns (he has done this admirably), nor that he is deficient in general ideas as to what the war was about. It is simply that his general ideas remain on the intellectual plane; they are disjointed, diffuse, uncoordinated; they never reach any sweeping significance as symbols. The symbol of John Brown becomes an incentive to some misty writing, and instead of sustaining the poem it evaporates in mixed rhetoric. Mr. Benét sees that the meaning of the war is related to the meaning of Brown; yet what is the meaning of Brown? The presentation of Brown as a *character* is interesting; but it is neither here nor there to say, symbolically, that he is a "stone" or, at the end, that the machine-age grows out of his body. It is a pretty conceit, but it is not large enough, it is not sufficiently welded to the subject matter to hold together a poem of fifteen thousand lines. Is it possible that Mr. Benét supposed the poem to be about the Civil War, rather than about his own mind? This would explain its failure of unity; for if a poet have some striking personal vision of life, it will be permanent, and it will give meaning to all the symbols of his irresistible choice. We are permitted to say that the Civil War interests Mr. Benét; it has no meaning for him. He has not been ambitious enough.

Yet Mr. Benét himself appears, in this connection, to have recognized the diffuseness of his impulse. He seems to have felt that the partial glimpses he has given us of the social backgrounds of the war were not strong enough to carry the poem along, and he has contrived a "human interest story" to take the place of a comprehensive symbol. Jack Ellyat, the Union private, is captured at Shiloh; he escapes to a cabin in the woods, where he seduces the beautiful daughter. So far, so good; but when, shortly after the war, the daughter with the baby appears at Ellyat's home-town in Connecticut, the ways of God are not sufficiently mysterious. It is a trick done for effect; the effect is bad.

Many passages in the narrative are complete poems in themselves; a bare collection of these might display Mr. Benét's true stature to better advantage than their context does. Many are distinguished poems; the Invocation is one of the best recent productions by an American.

Mr. Benét has steeped himself in the documents of the age, and many of the historical portraits are freshly done; the interpretation in some instances is highly original. The picture of Lincoln is, as usual, uncritical and unconvincing. The greatest successes are Davis and Lee. If professional historians, particularly those of the Northern tradition, will follow Mr. Benét's Davis, a distorted perspective in American history will soon be straightened out. Nowhere else has Lee been so ably presented, yet the Lee is not so good as the Davis; for, perhaps frightened by the pitfalls, Mr. Benét openly points them out, and the portrait is too argumentative. Yet these and countless minor figures—generals, statesmen, private soldiers, runaway Negroes, plantation ladies, each sharply drawn in his right character—move in an atmosphere all their own that takes us past the literary blemishes to the end. Yet is this atmosphere a quality of the poem or of our memories? Succeeding generations will decide.

ALLEN TATE

The Drifting Grey

British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey. By Count Max Montgelas. Translated by William C. Dreher. Edited, with a Foreword, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.25.

THE distinguished author of this little book has a broad and factual knowledge on the question of the war guilt and an independent and honest judgment that should commend his writings to the American public. Although we need not accept all of Count Montgelas's conclusions, this present detailed study serves as an antidote to Sir Edward, now Viscount, Grey's disarming memoirs, and enables us to appraise more accurately the policy of that enigmatic statesman.

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Count Montgelas is bent upon undermining another, and a particularly stubborn, myth about the origins of the World War. We have been led to regard Great Britain as one nation consistently pursuing a peaceful, conciliatory foreign policy about which lurked no taint of responsibility for that disaster, and to consider Sir Edward as wearing his gloriously immaculate diplomatic robes with all the dignity and honor that a moral man could assume in the company of slippery Machiavellis. The Count now shows us that in the breast of this blue-blooded, self-assured Britisher there dwelt two souls, that of a Gladstonian Liberal and that of another Joe Chamberlain. So harmoniously fused were they that the ethical power of the one lent confidence to the activism of the other and enabled this Liberal Imperialist in his conscientious investigations of his conduct as foreign minister to call it good. A pacifist at heart, he entirely approved the Boer War and made no mention in his memoirs of the second Hague Peace Conference. Nor did his love of peace prevent him from giving France a blank check at the Conference of Algeciras in 1906 without demanding any *quid pro quo*, or from approving a veiled threat of war against Germany during the Agadir crisis in 1911. This simple and unimaginative man, asserts Count Montgelas, lacked the knowledge and breadth of view requisite for handling international affairs. Yet, convinced of his own rectitude, Grey showed singular readiness to make important decisions without consulting his more Gladstonian colleagues.

Grey entered office late in 1905 deeply prejudiced against Germany. The author stresses Sir Edward's prepossession that Germany was a chauvinistic nation of enormous power led by Pan-Germanists. The Foreign Minister watched with trepidation the rapid growth of the German navy and the extension of the Bagdad Railway. To counter-balance these menaces, he was determined to further the Conservative policy of reconciliation and cooperation with France and Russia. While asseverating that British hands remained free, he clung tenaciously to those two Powers and permitted preparations to be made with them for active aid in case of a war with Germany. His denial of any antagonism toward Germany was scarcely in harmony with his disinclination to reach a good understanding with her or with his jealous observation of any German efforts to approach France or Russia. He came to apply one standard to Germany's policies and actions and another to his own and those of his friends. He denounced Germany for being guided by national interest, but fully indorsed the same course for Great Britain. Germany's act in making friends with the Turks while developing their country he condemned as dastardly, preferring the more gentlemanly and time-honored way of the French in Morocco. When, continues Count Montgelas, Germany sought in a blundering manner to share also in the spoils of colonial loot, Sir Edward obstinately kept her out. As the knowledge that military and naval conversations between the Entente Powers soon reached Germany, she sought to make a political agreement with Great Britain. But Grey branded Germany's fear of encirclement as sheer hypocrisy. Suspecting her in turn of trying to isolate his own country, he refused to endanger the Entente Cordiale by negotiating such an accord. Count Montgelas explains Grey's lack of appreciation that his actions were alarming the Central Power and emboldening France and Russia, or that from the aggressions of those last two Powers a situation was developing which might lead to war.

Drifting with circumstances, Sir Edward tried to maintain peace but did not know how. When the crisis arrived, Great Britain was as well prepared for it as anyone else. Although still protesting that his country was free to act as it wished, Grey felt so strongly the urge of British interests and the moral obligations to France that from the evening of August 1 he was determined that Great Britain should come to the support of France in case of war or he would resign. Fortunately for him the Germans dispelled his embarrassment over finding an effective popular excuse for entering the war by invading Belgium. Armageddon had arrived. Who can deny that Grey's policy and actions had contributed to its birth?

EUGENE N. ANDERSON

Fiction Shorts

Spider Boy. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Mr. Van Vechten, it will irritate him to learn, is one of our most useful members of society. By his books one can always recall the sophistications of four or five years ago. He is a constant reminder of the essential innocence of smart people and of the humorlessness of their gaiety. "Spider Boy" would like to be a mad, farcical, nonsensical extravaganza in which the insanities of Hollywood and super-productions and temperamental movie stars and Hebraic entrepreneurs are to be touched off with the neatest of hands. But it is not. It is a wearisome and flat burlesque, prodded into a sort of droopy excitement by the administration of banal farcical stimuli and removed forever from the literature of insomnia only by its astonishing vulgarity. A childish and petulant take-off on a well-known Southwestern critic and sociologist gives us the measure of Mr. Van Vechten's temperament.

Phoinix. By Alan Sims. Little Brown and Company. $2.50.

A new writer reaches tentative fingers into the myth-filled closet of the past and emerges with a high-spirited tale of ancient Hellas and the fall of Ilium. In swift narrative prose Mr. Sims retells the undying stories of the Greek hero, Peleus; of his famous son, Akhilleus of Phthia; and of his grandson, Neoptolemos. The blending of modern and antique prose is a happy one. The descriptions of the siege of Troy in which the author advances a sufficiently neat explanation of the legendary horse; the tragic death of Hektor; the slaying of the Kalydonian boar and the famed voyage of the Argonauts all recapture some of the glamor of the Homeric demi-gods.

The Mountain. By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Twenty-two sketches and short tales descriptive of humble life and humble people. Excellent as superior journalism is excellent, they hardly recall the novelist of "Changing Winds" and cause one almost to forget the dramatist of "John Ferguson."

The House with the Echo. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. $2.

Only the most faithful of Mr. Powys's very faithful audience will grow enthusiastic about any of these twenty-six rural anecdotes. Mr. Powys's style is bare enough to be powerful—but only in the longer forms. Here his stories appear actually bony, almost insignificant. Coming so shortly after his extraordinary "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," this volume possesses all the accidental disadvantages of anti-climax.

C. P. F.

Orientalia

China and England. By W. E. Soothill. Oxford University Press. $3.

A roseate view of Britain's generosity to China.

The Pacific: A Forecast. By P. T. Etherton and H. Hessell Tiltman. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

Two Englishmen foresee an industrialized Orient, in which the Great Powers will be China, Japan—and Australia. They see more essential antagonism between Japan and the United States than between Japan and Russia, but have no faith in

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Pan-Asiaticism. Their horoscope offers a stimulating perspective for American readers.

Modern Japan and Its Problems. By G. C. Allen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

This is a remarkable study of Japan in economic terms. Chrysanthemums and geisha girls are omitted, but the amazing effort of a feudal clan to build a modern industrialized state, while retaining the family basis of a medieval society, is analyzed from the bottom up. There is no parallel in history to the conscious shaping of the new Japan, although already the modernizing process has released forces which make continued domination from above impossible. Mr. Allen concludes that Japan "alone among the Asiatic peoples appears likely to be able to work out some compromise between the West and the East, and by her comprehension of both civilizations to bring the two great branches of the human family together." His analysis will help more to an understanding of Japan than a dozen recent picture-books.

Problems of the Pacific. Proceedings of the Second Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Honolulu, July 15-29, 1927. Edited by J. B. Condliffe. University of Chicago Press. $3.

When Japanese and Koreans, Chinese and British, Yankees, Australians, Canadians, and New Zealanders talk over informally the problems that so often divide them, the world is moving. The Institute of Pacific Relations is more than an institution; it is a growing spirit. It seeks to substitute agreed facts for the patterns of automatic loyalty-responses. Two conferences have met in Hawaii's benign climate, and this record of the proceedings of the second is a mine of material. The friendly discussions of course lose much in summary; but the contributed papers—particularly those on the population problem in the Far East—supply a mass of invaluable data. Every six years the world receives today an increment of new population equivalent in numbers to the entire population of the United States; here at last were men analyzing that increase, attempting to discover its why and where, and how to stop it or take care of it. Other papers treat China's tariff autonomy, extraterritoriality, the concessions and the missions, Asiatic immigration and the exclusion laws, and the radio controversies. Next year, perhaps, Russia will be represented at the institute; and some day there will be Javans and Malays and more vocal Filipinos; their presence will test still further this conference method of international education.

The China Year Book, 1928. University of Chicago Press. $12.50.

Each year one marvels at this encyclopedia of Chinese affairs. Its editor, H. G. W. Woodhead, is an almost apoplectically British treaty-port editor; his chief assistant, George E. Sokolsky, is a brilliant and intensely opinionated Russian-American, yet between them and with other help they produce one of the great reference books which every student of international affairs needs at his elbow. The statistics of Chinese trade, revenue, health, flood control, transportation, are, of course, official; the Who's Who is indispensable; and the documentary summaries of events of the year in China are unmatched. The 1928 volume includes also the text of the Mongolian Constitution of 1928, a history of the Nanking incident, the agreements for the return of Hankow and Kiukiang, proposals for treaty revision, the documents said to have been found in the Soviet Embassy in Peking, and a valuable revision of Mr. Sokolsky's annual history of China's labor movement. The history of the Kuomintang, somewhat marred in its later phases, where many of the facts are still uncertain, by Sokolsky's right-wing partisanship, is the most completely documented history of the Chinese Nationalist Party anywhere available. Few year-books published anywhere are as consistently satisfactory as this product of Tientsin. L. S. G.

Books in Brief

Herbert Booth. By Ford C. Ottman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Why do the heathen rage? The answer is that they usually don't—but Christians often do. Almost all of this preposterously long volume is devoted to an interminably detailed account of the petty wranglings between the famous General Booth and his son Herbert. According to one's point of view, one is either tormented or tickled by the way in which father and son constantly invoke Christian charity while slitting each other's throat with dialectical deliberation. The author is eminently fitted to relate the intricacies of this family squabble, for he labors less for love of Herbert Booth than for hatred against the present potentates of the Salvation Army.

An Artist in the Family. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

This is a novel with the seeds of several good stories imbedded in it. Unfortunately the artist in the family is the stereotyped creature of moods, stupidities, charms, and ineffectiveness. Placed in a South African setting, the artist "emotes" in a more exotic environment than he might in a Greenwich Village garret. The author has an easy and interesting style which redeems the platitudinous of the tale.

The Constitution of the United States in some of its Fundamental Aspects. By Gaspar G. Bacon. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

The six chapters of this book were originally prepared as the first series of lectures on a foundation at Boston University which bears the author's name. Any one who reads the laudatory paragraphs which the dean of the university law school contributes to the jacket of the book will be led to expect something quite important, but the lectures themselves are only mildly notable. What Mr. Bacon has to say falls substantively into two parts. The first consists of the usual elementary sketch of the history of the Constitution, with summaries of its provisions and the customary praise of their wisdom and farsightedness. The second deals somewhat in detail with federal usurpation, and surveys a number of the decisions of the Supreme Court and acts of Congress in which federal authority has been more or less grossly extended at the expense of the citizen or the States. As federal usurpation is obviously one of the most dangerous political tendencies in this country at the moment, those who fear and resent it will probably be glad to find Mr. Bacon on their side, but his protest is altogether too gentle and professionally dignified to stir the blood. The evils of centralization and arbitrary exercise of governmental authority which Mr. Bacon sees perfectly clearly will not be remedied, we may be sure, until lawyers and others who know the facts and realize their significance speak out with a good deal more stoutness than Mr. Bacon shows.

Drama

A Comedy

WHEN, a few centuries hence, some butterfly-breaker of that distant age devotes himself to the composition of a thesis entitled "The Development of Moral Ideas as Revealed in the Drama of the Twentieth Century," he will be compelled to devote several chapters at least to a consideration of the various stages by which marital infidelity, ceasing to be considered the Unforgivable Sin, came to be regarded as merely an Annoying Habit. He will note that even when his

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period opened the attitude toward adultery had already lost a little of its completely intransigent character so that infidelity might, under certain circumstances, be defended if only the Manifest Destiny of Love and the artificial nature of Man-made Laws were invoked in a manner sufficiently convincing; but he will be compelled to add that even at this period the act was still considered to be marked by a certain finality and that (if the guilty person were female) she either went bravely forward into the unknown future with her new mate or was, as a matter of course, incontinently kicked out by the wronged husband. Having established this point he will go on to show how the gravity of the offense was progressively lightened until the act of adultery lost its decisive character and how, as a result, the question in such cases became, not Is my wife guilty or not? but simply Are her infidelities frequent enough and serious enough for me to conclude, without seeming ridiculously Victorian, that she has ceased to be even partly mine?

In a modern play the husband does not burst into a room in righteous fury and exclaim "All is discovered." He is, on the contrary, much more likely, while mixing a cocktail for one of the lovers pro tem., to say merely something like this: "Look here, my dear, you know that I have never been exacting, but it seems to me that the time has come when I can reasonably maintain that I neither see enough nor have enough of you to make it worth while for me to pay your bills. Surely there must be *someone* else who is willing to take that responsibility." He is, in other words, perfectly willing that nature should occasionally take its course, but he gets a little restive when, as one of the characters in the specific play to be got to presently, remarks, "Natures take their courses."

If our hypothetical commentator is interested in art as well as in morals he will probably add that this change in the attitude toward adultery necessarily brought about a change in the form of the plays in which the subject was treated, since Unforgivable Sins are the concern of Drama, while Annoying Habits are the concern of Comedy; and if he is, furthermore, an assiduous exhumer of by-then-long-forgotten plays he may cite as a case in point the badly named but amusing play called "Heavy Traffic" which Arthur Richman has written and Gilbert Miller produced at the Empire Theater. Mr. Richman can hardly be said to have discovered a very original story or a very original point of view. His long-suffering good-fellow of a husband, his cradle-snatching wife, and their giddy entourage are not new; neither is the former's attitude (substantially that outlined in the preceding paragraph) nor the particular circumstances which lead this long-suffering worm to turn. And yet, thanks to a number of neatly turned phrases, and thanks also to the fact that the play never lapses into either sentimentality or lubricity, it will probably both win and deserve a considerable success.

It would seem as though this age ought to be a great age of comedy. We have not those passionate moral and social convictions out of which drama springs, but, on the surface at least, we do seem to be capable of that detached intelligence which would make it possible for us to produce comedy out of the difficulties into which we wander as a result of the very fact that we have no deep-seated convictions to guide us. I should, however, be the last to maintain that we actually have any such great comedy, though I do feel a certain hope whenever I see a play like "Heavy Traffic" which seems to be at least pointed in the right direction. It is not, to my mind, so accomplished as S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," but it does escape those pitfalls into which the American comic writer most often falls, since its epigrams have a consistent attitude behind them instead of scattering in all directions like the usual native wise-cracks, and since the moral which it points is a genuinely comic one instead of being, like the moral of most popular American comedies, something which seems to have been concocted by the editor of *True Stories* for the purpose of convincing rural clergymen that even the spiciest story may contain a Great Moral Lesson. Incidentally "Heavy Traffic" is very well acted by Reginald Masson as the husband and by Robert Strange as one of the incidental lovers, although I could wish that the popular A. E. Matthews would be a little less mannered and Mary Boland manage to acquire a little sharper edge.

"The Phantom Lover" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is an incredible play from the German of Georg Kaiser which tells how a very ingenuish ingenue fell so desperately and mystically in love at first sight with an army officer that she passed the following night with the butcher-boy under the impression that he was her beloved. It tells further how the army officer, when he hears of these events, is immediately convinced that he and the girl have been united by a higher power and how he then proceeds to murder the butcher-boy before leaving for parts unknown with the ingenue. It would be kinder to the author to intimate that the play was doubtless better in the original, but at best it can hardly have been other than very silly indeed. Romney Brent contributes one spot of light to a very dark evening.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Freedom in Nicaragua

THE Nationalist Party of Nicaragua has recently published its political program, which is herewith made public in this country through the party's representative in the United States, Toribio Tijerino, formerly Consul General of Nicaragua in New York City. The Nationalist Party is a union of those who stand for the country's independence as opposed to domination by the United States, and it was refused the opportunity to place in nomination its candidate for the Presidency of the republic in the elections supervised by the American Marine Corps. The reason given for this refusal was that the officers supervising the election had decided to permit candidates to be put up only by the Conservative and Liberal parties, neither of which is opposing American intervention. The reason for barring candidates of any other parties was, of course, to prevent the election of a President unfriendly to the American domination of the republic.

The program of the Nationalist Party appears below as drawn up by the Executive Committee, consisting in addition to Dr. Tijerino of José Dolores Estrada, a former President; J. Francisco Gutierrez, Salvador Buitrago Diaz, Ramon Molina, Ramon Romero, Bartolomeo Martinez, another former President; Escolastico Lara, General Paulino Godoy, and Fernando Larios.

Program of Nationalist Party

1. To gather within one organization all the citizens that in Nicaragua purpose firmly to maintain free and autonomous the fatherland left us by the heroes of the War of Independence, and to stand behind the blue-and-white flag, the sacred symbol of the national sovereignty. Likewise to call on General Augusto C. Sandino and his valiant companions to abandon the armed struggle and cooperate toward the triumph of the fatherland in the fields of civic struggle.

2. It being indispensable for the development of the democratic institutions adopted in the republic to promote the cultural and economic uplift of the working elements, to which the general mass of the people belong, the Nationalist Party of Nicaragua recognizes as good for the development of the Nicaraguan worker the labor doctrines contained in the fundamental charter of the Obrerismo Organizado of Nicaragua. For this reason it will cooperate toward carrying out the organizing, economic, and educational purposes of the working element, which are the essence of said charter.

3. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua maintains that the basis of the sovereignty of the nation is contained in its political and economic independence. It therefore demands the withdrawal from our national soil of all foreign armed forces and of all foreign officials who exercise jurisdiction. Likewise it is opposed to the delivery, to foreign exploitation, under pretext of protection to industry, of our lands and of our natural resources to the detriment of the present and future welfare of the Nicaraguan people.

4. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua believes that the concessions granted to the Banco Nacional and to the Ferrocarril del Pacifico de Nicaragua should be modified in the sense that said institutions, the bank particularly, be essentially to protect our naissant industry and our agriculture that is the basis of the economic life of the nation.

5. In order to insure the carrying into effect of the above plank, the Nationalist Party of Nicaragua understands that the control of said corporations should rest in the hands of the National Government and should be managed by Nicaraguans who are technical and morally capable.

6. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as opposed to the welfare and the dignity of the nation the negotiation of all kinds of contracts that in any manner place in foreign hands the right to intervene in our fiscal legislation and in the collection and expenditure of the money of the public treasury. This plank does not prevent the negotiation of contracts that are not onerous and that are of equitable and reciprocal utility.

7. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims the necessity that all free nations are in of cultivating international amity. It therefore shall be our constant purpose to intensify most cordial relations with all the countries of the world, particularly with the American nations, for the strengthening of continental solidarity within the realm of effective self-government and sovereign equality that are the basis of our public law. The party shall also cultivate the fraternity of Central America within the very special bonds that bind the five states of the Isthmus.

8. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua purposes primarily to cooperate toward establishing a tendency among the social forces of Nicaragua looking toward self-government; and to this end it proclaims as a principle of democratic effectiveness the rule of NO INTERVENTION, that is, that no nation has the right of interfering in the settlement of the political questions of another nation, and that every effort in that sense attacks and denies the principle of self-government upheld by all civilized and democratic nations, and is contrary to the free evolution of democratic institutions, to the development of which the founders of the American nationalities dedicated these continents.

9. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims as fundamental for the enjoyment of life in freedom the unvarying and eternal principle of NATIONAL CONCILIATION, which is a moral element indispensable for the exercise and enjoyment of all the rights and duties that are guaranteed to us and exacted of us by our constitutions and our codes. For the carrying out of this principle we solemnly call to the free soul of our people to consolidate in ourselves and by ourselves the existence of our nationality by our joint and cooperative actions. This conciliation should acquire legal character through the enactment of laws giving representation to the minority groups in all the governing bodies of the republic, and especially in those of elective character.

10. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims the civil and political equality of both sexes. It therefore shall strive that laws be enacted guaranteeing the right of the women of Nicaragua to vote and the enjoyment by them of all those rights that are necessary to their free and dignified position.

11. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as an initial point of its desires of nationality the increase of our national unity, and we therefore shall strive in every manner to make better our means of communication, and especially to construct the great railroad to the Atlantic Coast. In this manner we shall succeed in enlivening the material and spiritual currents among the different sections of the country and in strengthening the ties that should bind all citizens sheltered beneath the same banner.

12. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua believes that the basis of democracy is equality of opportunity for all members of the commonwealth and that, in order that this equality may exist, it is necessary that the state should provide with generosity for the maintenance and multiplication of schools. It maintains also that the revenues set aside for the development or creation of public works should be spent proportionally among all the departments of the republic with relation to what each has contributed to said revenues.

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Rabbits, little, white, palpitating bunnies, their noses a 'liberal" pink, scared to death to come out and vote the way they think, nibbling gratefully at such old-party garbage as is thrown at them—poor, poor bunnies, next November Herbert or Al, it doesn't much matter which, will make stew of you and you'll go hopping into the pot, very proud to provide a fat meal for a "good man."

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13. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as bad morally and materially the practice of appointing representatives to Congress and to the chief local offices of persons who are alien to the respective departments. Consequently it demands that these high officials be natives or residents of said departments.

14. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua does not seek as an end in itself the executive power but as a means for carrying out the planks of its program. Consequently it will act, alone or in company, with its own candidate or with a candidate of another party, in accord with the exigencies of the welfare of the country.

Ugarte on Sandino

THE following manifesto on Sandino and Nicaragua, by Manuel Ugarte, Argentine Consul in Nice, France, was recently issued in Madrid by the Spanish-American University Federation of Madrid, the General Association of Latin-American Students of Paris and Berlin, and the University Student Federation of Madrid:

The Pan-American Congress at Havana demonstrated the helplessness of most of our officials; now Latin America faces another slur, with the announcement of the sham election to be held in Nicaragua.

For us sometimes patriotism has consisted in denying realities; he may call himself a patriot who maintains that foreign intervention does not impinge on national sovereignty; that national integrity is untouched though the customs revenues may be in foreign hands; and who aids and abets the vainglorious self-confidence of weak nations. Thus, some have thought to destroy dangers by ignoring them; to hide faults by refusing to see them; and thus, without warning or protest from the leaders of public opinion, we have been brought to this position of economic and political vassalage which today places the autonomous existence of Central and South America on the brink of an abyss.

We therefore repudiate the petty policies which jeopardize our progress, and the pretense, sometimes not disinterested, which poisons our atmosphere. We want to confront realities, however painful they may be, with our eyes on a great country of the future.

The Nicaraguan crisis is the evident result of three factors: first, the ambition of the plutocracy of the United States, anxious to increase the radius of its imperialism; second, the indifference of oligarchic governments of our America, incapable of understanding the problems of our part of the continent; and third, the shortsightedness of the Nicaraguan politicians, greedy for power at the expense of their own country.

This simple declaration of the facts establishes our attitude toward the Nicaraguan problem.

With a large part of the territory of that republic invaded by foreign troops, and the patriots who in guerrilla bands defend their country disqualified and kept from voting, any attempt at an election is an insult to the dignity of this people.

Let the uncontaminated masses of our republics not be deceived by the greedy rivalry between two groups traditionally subject to the United States; let us not be blinded by the sophistry of an election three times false: first, because of the presence of foreign troops; second, because of the submission of both parties to the invader; and third, because of the silence to which the element worthy of respect is condemned. To contest this election, even to discuss it, would give it the appearance of legality, and grant a status to the miserable minorities which, protected by the national enemy, dispute for power between themselves.

The Nicaraguan problem cannot be solved by an election. There are two parties only in the country, those who accept foreign domination and those who reject it. As the latter cannot vote, the election becomes a farce and a sop to public opinion.

Let us not admit any difference between these "liberals" and "conservatives," but mass ourselves against these cravens, against presidents anointed by the White House, against the miserable greed of vassals, in whatever form.

We should tender our enthusiastic support only to General Sandino, because General Sandino, with his heroic guerrillas, represents the popular reaction of our America against our own disloyal oligarchies and our resistance to Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

The comedy of the Nicaraguan election reveals the hopeless depravity of those who, between their own private interests and those of their country, choose the former. The future will condemn them as they deserve. And this same future will justify and reward the selfless figure of Sandino.

Heretofore, we have shed much blood in fruitless interior struggles, for the benefit of tyrants and oligarchies. The energy, the courage, the sacrifice, native to the Spanish-American spirit, have been wasted in suicidal upheavals which pitted against each other two groups in the same country, or caused devastation in two or more neighboring republics. Could we but sum this useless slaughter in one single deed, the force of it would suffice to level the Andes. But the men who could dispose of this treasure, instead of using it for the common good, wasted it in the service of personal ambitions. For the first time in many decades unworthy egotism is abandoned, and this blood flows for the sake of all. Therefore we are with Sandino, who in defending the liberty of his people forecasts the redemption of the Spanish-American continent.

Contributors to This Issue

G. E. R. GEDYE contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Central European topics.

ANITA BRENNER has passed most of her life in Mexico.

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PAUL H. DOUGLAS of the University of Chicago has made a special study of our policies in Latin America.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN contributes literary criticism regularly to *The Nation*.

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